The Carnegie Library

CARNEGIE LIBRARY
STATE COLLEGE
PA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE PA., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1917. Vol. 48 No 22

WELLER PLEADS GUILTY AFTER JURY CONVICTS

Colleague in Chicken Stealing Case Asks New Trial.

MYRTLE FIKE APPEALS

Woman Who Was Convicted of Arson Seeks New Trial—Judge Quigley Sentenced Number Entering Pleas of Guilty or Convicted.

After being convicted by a jury last week on a charge of stealing chickens Chester Weller concluded that a Hindenberg strategic retreat was about the best thing he could do and he accordingly entered a formal plea of guilty. By adopting this course Weller escaped a prison term, possibly doing time in the penitentiary. As it turned out, he was paroled in the custody of J. Edward Confer, of Marsh Creek, for a period of two years, with instruction to report to the court each month. Following Weller's arrest he was bailed by Mr. Confer pending trial in court. After being convicted by a jury Weller again asked Mr. Confer to go his bail, but Mr. Confer this time refused. He frankly stated that had he known Weller to be guilty he would not have furnished bail in the first case. Weller still maintained that he was innocent and through counsel had applied for a new trial. Upon reflection, however, he concluded that the "strategic retreat" was the best card he could play and he changed front, entered a plea of guilty and made a full confession. Mr. Confer offered to give him work if he escaped a prison term and Judge Quigley thereupon paroled Weller.

H. A. Ellis, who was convicted with Weller, is in jail in default of $1000 bail pending disposition of a motion for a new trial. Weller in his confession placed much of the blame for the chicken stealing business on Ellis. Whether Ellis will conclude to withdraw his appeal for a new trial is, of course, unknown. He is liable to a term of from one to three years in the penitentiary. His motion for a new trial cannot be disposed of before November and if refused then an appeal could not be handled before February of next year. Failure to secure bail while these proceedings are under way would necessitate Ellis remaining in jail the greater part of a year before his case could be disposed of. Should he conclude to do this and lose out in the end the time spent in jail would not be charged against the sentence the court might impose.

Myrtle Fike, convicted of arson, has also applied for a new trial. Meanwhile she is in jail and the matter cannot come up before November.

Judge Quigley on Monday sentenced a number who had been convicted or who had entered pleas of guilty. Howard Smith, convicted of larceny at Orviston, had sentence suspended and declared his intention to re-enlist in the navy.

Frank Woogcoch, plea of guilty to charge of cutting a man with a knife in self-defense at Osceola, sentenced to three months in jail, $50 fine and costs.

Frank Brown, frankly admitting that he has been a tramp for fifteen years, plead guilty to entering the home of Mrs. Kate Kemmerer, at State College, and starting a fire on the dining room table to cook his supper on April 20th, was sentenced to thirty days in jail, $1 and costs.

John F. Hall, of Hublersburg, charged by his wife with assault and battery, and out on suspended sentence since December, 1915, was sentenced to 6 months in jail, $1 fine and costs.

Alexander Commenskie, convicted last week of stealing $400 from another foreigner at Sandy Ridge, received a light sentence because the District Attorney and also Judge Quigley believed that the evidence produced at the trial was rather weak. He was paroled in custody of David Chambers with the requirement that he go to work and pay the costs.

Robert Hines, entering a plea of guilty to furnishing liquor to a minor, received one month in jail, $1 fine and costs.

In the following cases the court directed that a nolle prosse be entered:—

Commonwealth vs. George Confer; larceny.

Commonwealth vs. Blain Watson; statutory offense.

Commonwealth vs. Wm. H. Hindle; selling liquors to minors.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Parker; desertion.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Isenberg; assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Clement Trump; statutory offense, case belongs to Clearfield County.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Nighthart; furnishing liquor to persons of known minteperate habits.

Commonwealth vs. S. U. Harshberger; failure to turn over taxes, settled.

REGISTRARS TO MAKE CONSCRIPTION JUNE 5

Sheriff Appoints Election Judges in Most Districts.

NEW BOARD MEMBER

Dr. McGirk, of Philipsburg, Appointed to Succeed Dr. Huff as Examining Physician—Latter as Member of National Guard Ineligible.

Sheriff Yarnell this week appointed and swore in several registrars who will on June 5th conduct the registration in Centre County for military service of all male persons between the ages of 21 and 80 years. In most cases the registrars appointed are the election judges in their respective election districts. Registration will be conducted at the regular polling places, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 9 P. M. Any registrar who refuses to serve or any person coming within the prescribed age limit who fails to register will be subject to a heavy penalty.

A change in the personnel of the Registration Board for Centre County was found to be necessary and it was therefore made by Governor Brumbaugh by telegraph from Harrisburg. It developed that Dr. S. M. Huff appointed examining physician for the board, was ineligible owing to the fact that he is a major in the medical corps of the National Guard and as such is subject to call at any minute. Governor Brumbaugh accordingly revoked the appointment of Dr. Huff and named as examining physician Dr. C. E. McGirk, of Philpsburg. The actual duties of the examining physician will really begin only after the registration in the county is completed and the names of the first persons drafted are announced.

The several registrars appointed by Sheriff Yarnell, and who will be assisted on registration day by the election inspectors of their respective districts follow:

Bellefonte Borough—North Ward, S. B. Miller; South Ward, Thomas Hazel; West Ward, D. W. Geiss

Centre Hall Borough—R. D. Foreman

Howard Borough—J. S. Holter

Milesburg Borough—John Bryan

Millheim Borough—F. F. Wesser

Philipsburg Borough—First Ward, F. S. Cleeve; Second Ward, B. Fred Booth; Third Ward, Thomas Deakon

South Philipsburg Borough—A. L. Kyser

Snow Shoe Borough—George B. Jackson

Unionville Borough—William McEwen

Benner Township—North Precinct, William J. King; South Precinct, Daniel Shuey.

Boggs Township—North Precinct, Harris Poorman; East Precinct, Irvin Confer; West Precinct, Charles Sheckler

Burnside Township—David Mulholland

College Township—George C. Williams

Curtin Township—North Precinct, J. F. Young; South Precinct, T. K. Mann

Ferguson Township—East Precinct, W. A. Collins; West Precinct, J. C. Gates

Gregg Township—North Precinct, B. F. Grenoble; East Precinct, J. Gross Shook; West Precinct, G. C. Gentzell

Haines Township—East Precinct, J. D. Snyder, West Precinct, George W. Keister

Halfmoon Township—Ira G. Burket

Harris Township—East Precinct, Henry Houser; West Precinct, John A. Rupp

Howard Township—Winfield C. Thompson

Huston Township—Charles Boyer

Liberty Township—East Precinct, D. M. Burlew; West Precinct, M. R. Weaver

Marion Township—Willard Harter

Miles Township—East Precinct, J. C. Auman; Middle Precinct, C. J. Crouse; West Precinct, D. C. Caris

Patton Township—John Johnstonbaugh

Penn Township—S. G. Rote

Potter Township—North Precinct, John A. Heckman; South Precinct, John M. Blauser; West Precinct, J. Fred Brown

Rush Township—North Precinct, David Raybold; East Precinct, Henry Potts; South Precinct, George W. Pfoutz; West Precinct, George Miess

Snow Shoe Township—East Precinct, David Chambers; West Precinct, T. A. Fye

Spring Township—North Precinct, Charles Miller, South Precinct, G. L. Horner; West Precinct, E. J. Purdue

Taylor Township—J. T. Beckwith

Union Township—George Deters

Walker Township—East Precinct, W. J. Mauck; Middle Precinct, Jacob F. Weaver; West Precinct, R. M. Homan

Worth Township—P. B. Woodring.

HOW TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ON REGISTRATION CARDS!

The War Department has issued information sheets containing instructions as to how to answer the questions which the registrars will put to each male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, when, on June 5, he walks into his polling place and enrolls for military duty against the enemies of his country. The instructions follow:—

Questions will be asked for you to answer in the order in which they appear on this paper. These questions are set out below with detailed information to help you answer them.

Do not write on, mark, or otherwise mutilate these instructions. Do not remove them. They should be carefully read so that you will have your answers ready when you go before the registrar.

All answers will be written on the Registration Card in ink by the Registrar, who should be careful to spell all names correctly and to write legibly.

First—Name in full, Age in years.—

This means all your names spelled out in full.

State your age to-day in years only. Disregard additional months or days. Be prepared to say "19" or "25," not "19 years, 3 months," or the like.

Second—Home address.

This means the place where you have your permanent home, not the place where you work. Be prepared to give the address in this way: "232 Main Street, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois;" that is, give number and name of street first, then town, then county and State.

Third—Date of Birth.

Write your birthday (month, day and year) on a piece of paper before going to the Registrar, and give the paper to him the first thing. Example: "August 5, 1894."

If you do not remember the year, start to answer as you would if someone asked you your birthday, as August 5." Then say "on my birthday this year I will be (or was)—years old." The Registrar will then fill in the year of birth. Many people do not carry in mind the year they were born. This may be obtained by the Registrar by subtracting the age in years on this year's birthday from 1917.

Fourth—Are you (1) a natural-born citizen; (2) a naturalized citizen; (3) an alien; (4) or have you declared your intention to become a citizen (specify which)?

(1) If you were born in the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, you are a natural-born citizen, no matter what may have been the citizenship or nationality of your parents. If you were born in Porto Rico, you are a citizen of the United States, unless you were born of alien parentage. If you were born abroad, you are still a citizen of the United States if your father was a citizen of the United States at the time you were born, unless you have expatriated yourself.

(2) You are a naturalized citizen if you have completed your naturalization; that is, if you have "taken final papers." But you are not a citizen if you have only declared your intention to become a citizen, that is, if you have only "taken out first papers;" in the latter case you are only a "declarant."

You are also a naturalized citizen if, although foreign born, your father or surviving parent became fully naturalized while you were under twenty-one years of age, and if you came to the United States under twenty-one.

(3) You are a declarant if, although a citizen or subject of some foreign country, you have declared on oath before a naturalization court your intention to become a citizen of the United States. Receipts from the clerk of the court of the certified copy of such declaration is often called "taking out first papers." You are not a declarant if your first paper was taken out after September 26, 1906, and is more than seven years old.

(4) You are an alien if you do not fall within one of the three classes above mentioned.

Fifth—Where were you born?

First name the town, then the State, then the country, as "Columbus, Ohio;" "Vienna, Austria;" "Paris, France;" "Sofia, Bulgaria."

Six—If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject?

This need be answered only by aliens and declarants. Remember that a "declarant" is not yet a citizen of the United States. If an alien or declarant, state the name of your country, as "France," "Japan," "China," etc.

Seventh—What is your present trade, occupation or office?

This does not ask what you once did, nor what you have done most of the time, nor what you are best fitted to do. It asks what your job is right now. State briefly, as "farmer," "miner," "student," "laborer (on farm, in rolling mill, in automobile, wagon, or other factory)," "machinist in automobile factory," etc. If you hold an office under State or Federal Government, name the office you hold. If you are in one of the following offices or employments, use one of the names hereafter mentioned:—

"Customhouse clerk," "employed in the transmission of the mails," "or employed in an armory, arsenal, or navy yard," "mariner, actually employed in the sea service or citizen or merchant within the United States."

Eighth—By whom employed? Where employed?

If you are working for an individual, firm, corporation, or association, state its name. If in business, trade, profession, or employment for yourself, so state. If you are an officer of the State or Federal government, say whether your office is under the United States, the State, the county, or a municipality. In answer to the question as to where you are employed, give the town, county and State where you work.

Ninth—Have you a father, mother, wife, child under 12, or a sister or brother under 12 solely dependent upon you for support (specify which)?

Consider your answer thoughtfully. If it is true that there is another mouth than your own which you alone have a duty to feed, do not let your military ardor interfere with the wish of the nation to reduce war's misery to a minimum. On the other hand, unless the person you have in mind is solely dependent on you, do not hide behind petticoats or children.

Tenth—Married or single (which)? Race (specify which)?

This does not ask whether you were once married, but whether you are married now. In answer to the question as to your race, state briefly whether "Caucasian," "Mongolian," "Negro," "Malayan" or "Indian."

Eleventh—What military service have you had? Rank? Branch? Years? Nation or State?

No matter what country you served, you must give complete information, in answering these questions, first name your rank using one of the following words: "Commissioned officer," "Non-commissioned officer," "Private." Next state branch in which you served in one of the following words: "Infantry," "Cavalry," "Artillery," "Medical," "Signal," "Aviation," "Supply," "Marine," "Navy." Next, state the number of years' service, not counting time spent in the Reserve. Finally, name the nation or State you served. If you served under the United States or one of the States of the United States, name your service in one of the following terms: "National Guard (of such and such a State)," "Militia (of such and such a State)," "Volunteers of United States," or "Regular Army (Navy) of United States."

Twelve—Do you claim exemption from draft? Specify grounds.

Because you claim exemption from draft, it by no means follows that you are exempt. For the information of the War Department you should make a claim now if you intend to prosecute it. Some persons will be exempted on account of their occupations or offices, some on account of the fact that they have relatives dependent upon them for support. Your answer touching these things will be important in supporting the claim you now intend to make in your answer to the present questions. Be sure, therefore, that the grounds you now state are in conformity with your answers to Questions 7 and 8. In stating grounds you claim as exempting you, use one of the following terms: If you claim to be an executive, legislative or judicial officer of the State or nation, name your office and say whether it is an office of the State or nation. If you claim to be a member of a religious sect whose creed forbids its members to participate in war in any form, simply name the sect. If you are employed in the transmission of the United States mails or as an artificer or workman in an armory, arsenal, or navy yard of the United States, or if you are a mariner employed in the sea service of any citizen or merchant within the United States, so state. If you are a felon or otherwise morally deficient and desire to claim exemption on that ground, state your ground briefly. If you claim physical disability, state that briefly. If you claim exemption on any other ground, state your ground briefly.

Tale of Two Pigs.

Last Saturday evening Prothonotary D. R. Foreman and James Foreman, janitor at the Presbyterian church, figured in an episode somewhat out of the ordinary. Incidentally Jim Foreman is in possession of two young pigs, valued at probably $3 or $4 each. Until he learns who really owns the pigs they will continue to draw three meals a day under Jim's supervision and perhaps finally re-appear in the form of sausages, hams and bacon for the little Foremans. Of course, if the owner shows up and "does his bit" he can have the pigs. It seems that Prothonotary Foreman was strolling along Spring street when he observed the two young pigs nearby the Frank Crawford residence. Jim Foreman happened along and the two Foremans gave chase to the two pigs. One of the pigs plunged head-first through a cellar window and landed in an unconscious condition on the floor of the Crawford cellar. The other pig surrendered without much struggle. Jim took the pigs home and is awaiting further developments.

May Sue State.

The Legislature last week passed finally and Governor Brumbaugh approved a bill empowering R. B. Taylor, of Bellefonte, to sue the State for an unpaid balance due on a highway contract in Washington county. The justness of the claim, which amounts to about $5,000, was conceded by the State Highway Department but it developed that the only way collection could be had was by bringing suit against the State in the Dauphin county court. Hence the bill according to Mr. Taylor permission to bring suit.

Summer Store Closing Hour.

There is being displayed at the Scenic and the Lyric an appeal to the patriotic and civic pride of the people of Bellefonte with reference to closing the local grocery stores each evening at 6 o'clock except Wednesday and Saturday when they will remain open until the usual hour. They expect to start this movement Monday evening, June 4th.

HONOR NATION'S HEROES ON MEMORIAL DAY

Bellefonte Has Largest Parade in Twenty Years.

ADDRESS BY DR. YOCUM

Graves of Revolutionary and Civil War Veterans Strewn with Flowers—Appropriate Services at Numerous Places in County.

With the United States immersed in war, Memorial Day (Wednesday) was observed throughout the land with a solemnity never before witnessed by the younger generation. This was particularly true of the various services in Bellefonte and other parts of Centre County. Largely attended exercises were held at numerous points and the graves of Civil and also Revolutionary soldiers were strewn with flowers.

In Bellefonte the services at the Union cemetery were preceded by the largest parade held on any Memorial Day in the last twenty years. Heading the procession was the Milesburg band. Following marched about eight hundred public school children with teachers, the High School cadets commanded by Collins Shoemaker, Troop L, Logan Hose Company, Gregg Post, G. A. R., No. 95, Coleville band, P. O. S. of A. and Spanish-American War Veterans. The singing was by a choir composed of Jacob Smith, Frank Smith, Cecil Walker, C. C. Shuey, Joseph Harbold, L. A. Schaeffer and John M. Bullock. Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum delivered the Memorial address at services held in the Court House. Civil war veterans were tendered the customary informal reception at the Elks clubhouse.

On Sunday, May 27th the United Spanish War Veterans with a firing squad of Troop L, and the Coleville band, assisted the G. A. R. with their Memorial Services at Meyer's cemetery and Shilo church. The speakers were S. D. Gettig and J. K. Johnston. They then proceeded to Pleasant Gap, where services were conducted by the Spanish War Veterans. Owing to the lateness of the hour the services were short. The speaker was Past-Commander S. D. Gettig.

On Memorial Day Commander Sunday and the Spanish War Veterans with a band, paid their respects to Dr. R. G. H. Hayes and Lieut. "Dick" Taylor, both members, who are ill.

The names of Revolutionary Soldiers, with headstones, buried in Centre County in the following cemeteries, were marked with Betsy Ross flags on Memorial Day by Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution:

UNION CEMETERY, Bellefonte
- Col. James Dunlop
- Hon. Andrew Gregg
- Capt. Joshua Williams
- James Harris
- Elisa and Harriet De Haas

OLD MILESBURG CEMETERY, Milesburg
- Robert Fleming
- William Lee
- Joseph White
- Samuel Howe
- Richard Malone
- Capt. James Miles
- Capt. Richard Miles

NEW CURTIN CEMETERY, Curtin
- Philip Barnhart and wife
- Evan Russell

LICK RUN CEMETERY, Jacksonville
- Matthew Allison
- Capt. Thomas Askey
- David Lamb
- Mrs. Mary A. Rishel (Real Daughter)

SNYDERTOWN
- John Snyder

PINE GROVE MILLS
- John Goheen

GRAY'S CEMETERY
- Elijah Chambers
- James McGagahan

SLAB CABIN CEMETERY, Boalsburg
- Henry Dale
- Jacob Keller
- Peter Shuey
- Andrew Hunter

CENTRE HALL
- Old Fort Marker, John Adams Sunday
- Indian Lane, Michael Stiver
- John F. Ream
- Henry McEwen
- James Huston

REBERSBURG
- Col. Henry Meyer
- Philip Meyer
- George Christian Spangler
- George Spangler

CARRIE BOYNTON DAGGETT, Historian

Appointed Tax Collector.

Levi Miller, of Pleasant Gap, has been appointed to the unexpired term of the late David Miller as tax collector for Spring Township.

LEGISLATURE TO GIVE PENN STATE $1,500,000

Increases Appropriation $600,000 Over Two Years Ago

FRIENDS MUCH ELATED

House Appropriations Committee Approves Amount for Next Two Years—Means Continued Growth for Noted Institution.

Pennsylvania State College will receive $1,500,000 from the Legislature, which will likely adjourn finally about the middle of June. This is $600,000 more than was appropriated two years ago and $845,000 less than was asked for.

Large appropriations for military purposes are seriously affecting awards for other purposes by the Legislature. Considering this fact, Penn State is faring splendidly and friends of the Blue and White are much elated. The $1,500,000 for the next two years was on Tuesday formally recommended by the House Appropriations Committee. There is a bare possibility the amount will be increased slightly by the Senate.

BELLEFONTE ON THE MAP

Troop L Will Figure Prominently in the Present War.

General Sheridan said "war is hell," and he is about right. The present conflict with Germany is certainly no laughing matter, but we are in it and some one has to get some honors, even if they have to die for them. To this end on Monday, Brigadier General J. Franklin Bell, commander of the department of the east, summoned 316 picked members of the National Guard of Pennsylvania to the officers' reserve camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y. This camp is inhabited by more than twenty-five hundred picked men of Pennsylvania who will be given a chance to earn commissions that will give them the envied privilege of leading the new and powerful United States army into France.

In making this selection General Bell passed over the Governor's Troop and the Millionaire Troop, of Philadelphia, and honored Troop L, of Bellefonte, by choosing the following guardsmen: First Sergeant, John O. Lawrence; Supply Sergeant, Paul Wetzel; Sergeant, John Homer Decker; Sergeant, Arthur Deering, and Corporals Leslie Gordon and James E. Davis.

General Bell said he had selected these men because he believed they would make officers who will reflect credit upon the United States service.

CAPTAIN BOAL AS HOST

He will Entertain a Number of Troops on June 8, 9, and 10.

One of the live wires in Centre County is "Terry" Boal, of Boalsburg, captain of the famous Boal Machine Gun Troop. If we had more energetic men like him there would be something doing. He has sent out a number of invitations to state troops to partake of his hospitality on his immense estate at Boalsburg on June 8, 9 and 10. On this occasion he will entertain the officers and men of Sheridan Troop, Tyrone; Troop I, Sunbury; Troop K, Lock Haven; Troop M, Lewisburg, and Troop L, Bellefonte.

Another feature will be an exhibition flight by Lieutenant Pierre Boal, the only son of Captain Boal, who is a member of the aviation corps of the army of France.

Special Notice.

Sheriff Yarnell announces that he will be in his office at the Centre County jail all day Sunday to register all persons whose business will take them out of the county on Tuesday, June 5th, registration day. Sheriff Yarnell has received authority to register all such persons prior to Tuesday.

Fish License Likely.

The House Appropriations Committee at Harrisburg this week reported favorably the bill to license fishing and it may go through. It proposes a license of $1 on residents of the State, $2.50 on non-residents and exempts women and all persons under 17 years.

Make Assignment to Creditors.

The firm of Zettle & Lucas, operating a planing mill at Centre Hall, on Monday made an assignment in favor of creditors. The firm was originally Zettle Bros. Mr. Lucas became a partner in March, 1916.

FARMERS AS PATRIOTS

One of Them Thinks They are Being Over-Urged.

The following article by a New York state farmer, published in the American Agriculturist, appeals strongly to some Centre county tillers of the soil. Of "The Farmer as a Patriot," George W. Smith, of Cohocton, N. Y., writes:

The press of the country has been engaged in urging dwellers in city and town to go into competition with the farmer by planting their lawns and flower beds; some even want the walks torn up and the strip of earth utilized for planting garden truck to reduce the cost of living. They want to enlist the farmer against himself by telling him it is a patriotic duty to double his acreage.

I am a believer in patriotism—it is both a personal virtue and a national asset. There is, however, grave danger of the farmer doing more than his share. While railroad employes and union labor have been continually shortening their hours and raising their pay, the farmer has been plodding along at from 12 to 16 hours per day. The press seems to think that from patriotic motives he ought to work the other eight hours.

If the American farmers were to put their business on an eight-hour basis, they would starve the nation within a year. The press never has suggested to union labor that it could shine in a patriotic light by working longer hours and thereby reduce the cost of living, of tools, of machinery and of supplies which the farmer has to have.

Why do they make this an especial appeal to the farmer? It is because they think he is the fool of the family, but if they think he is to be caught by so transparent a bait, they have another guess coming.

The farmer is engaged in the most hazardous business in the world. He is the plaything of nature and the child of chance. He never knows what he is going to raise or what it will bring him when he gets it. He has to compete in the labor market with the whole world. The government, the munition factories and the highway interests will put labor practically out of his reach.

People in my community are a unit in believing that a conservative policy is the safest course for the farmer as the most likely to produce just returns for the labor expended. I notice that all classes of people, whatever their calling, are looking out for Number One—they all want easy jobs, shorter hours, large pay and cheap food. People will talk about state law, federal law and rant about international law, but there is a greater law than these—the law of self-preservation. I say it is a greater law because it is the first law of nature. It is a law which was operative before man had a conscious existence in the world. It is a law which is moving the nations today.

These things being true, and they cannot be refuted, I can see no reason why the farmer should be offered as a special sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.

Don't be Foolish.

"Do not mistake hoarding for thrift," Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the National Emergency Food Garden commission, told the Capitol Garden club Friday.

"I meet people every day," continued the man who made the garden planting campaign nation wide, "who have missed the point entirely in this food crisis. The other day a woman told me she had discharged her chauffeur and sold her automobile. She said she was trying to save.

"I told her she was doing her level best to damn her country. Now, suppose all you women stopped wearing a flower in your hat or a bit of lace about your neck. Do you know what that would mean to the workers of the country and to the grocers they buy from? It would mean ruin.

"Our allies do not want the flowers from your hat nor the lace from your neck. They want just a little of your food. That is the place for conservation now.

"Let us all go to it as never before and keep business going as usual for that is a mighty good slogan. The National Emergency Food Garden commission wants to help you produce f. o. b. the kitchen door and thus relieve the railroads of transportation of food for home consumption as much as possible in order that they may do other things for the government.

"In other words, do not let hoarding and hysteria be mistaken for thrift insofar as the food question affects us."

Efficiency at Washington.

A man sent 10 cents in postage stamps to the patent office at Washington for two copies of a patent. The stamps were returned with a letter saying the currency must be sent. The man sent a dime and at the end of a week was informed that the copies of the patent were exhausted and that the treasury department would return his money. A week later the treasury department advised him that it would take three weeks to audit his account and refund bis 10 cents. The man had spent 6 cents for postage and the government twice as much.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Officers Elected.

The recent meeting of the Centre County Sunday School convention held at Centre Hall proved a wonderful success in every particular. The attendance being large, and the addresses were fine and to the point. The result was the work of the Sunday School was advanced and everybody was spiritually benefitted. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, A. N. Corman
Vice president, S. W. Gramley
Secretary, Henry D. Krape
Treasurer, B. E. Hazel

DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENTS

Elementary, Mrs. W. L. Swarm
Secondary, Mrs. Bertha Royer
Missionary, Mrs. Flora Limbert.
Temperance, Mrs. E. B. McMullen
Teacher training, Mrs. Catharine Philips
O. A. B. C., M. O. Stover
Home, Mrs. W. L. Campbell

Woodward was chosen as the next place of meeting.

Eleven Good Rules.

Eleven rules which President Cheesman A. Herrick lays down for the conduct of a Girard college boy when he gets his first job:

Dress as well as possible.
Avoid cigarettes and corner loafers.
Be courteous to business, as courtesy is a stepping stone to success.
Better be five minutes too early than one minute too late.
If the boss asks for a little extra work some day, labor with increased earnestness.
Do not spend all you earn.
Keep silent about personal affairs and strictly go about your employer's business.
Plan your life ten years ahead.
Read goods books as well as newspapers and magazines.
Don't flit lightly from job to job. Stick.
Be an enthusiast. The world hates a grouch.

Be Saving and Careful of Food.

Don't let the war scare scare you out of making your usual and needful purchases. Business must go along as usual and each individual is responsible for his or her share of it. There is plenty of money in the country, in fact more than ever in its history and even if commodities do advance still further in price economic adjustment will follow that will make the purchasing power of the individual commensurate. What we need to do is save. That means don't waste anything. For most of their lives the American people have been throwing away enough to have kept the same population in India, for instance, in luxury. If we stop the waste we will not need to be niggardly with ourselves.

Young Charles Schwab Quits College.

Charles M. Schwab, Jr., of New York City, nephew of the Bethlehem steel magnate, last Thursday dropped his studies at the Pennsylvania State College and enlisted in the Naval Coast Defense. He has been ordered to the training station at Newport, R. I., where he will join the mosquito fleet.

"Young Charlie," as Schwab is familiarly known to his State College friends, is a sophomore in the department of industrial engineering. For two years he has been a sergeant in the college cadet regiment.

Licenses are Illegal.

The Clearfield county dry federation won a signal victory in the Clearfield county courts when Judge Whitehead stated in his charge to the jury recently that in his view of the law the wholesale and brewery licenses of 1916, under which the wholesalers and brewers operated at their risk, "were illegal and void, and the persons doing business thereunder were guilty of violating the liquor laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

The maximum penalty that might be imposed on the defendant is a fine of $500.

Reformatory to Make the 1918 Tags.

The Pennsylvania prison labor commission was awarded the contract by the State Highway Department to furnish the automobile license tags for the year 1918. The contract calls for over a million single tags. This work as in the previous year, will be done at Huntingdon reformatory, and the capacity of the present plant will have to be doubled in order to make the tags for delivery in the required time, using only one shift of workmen for eight hours.

Old Glory in Rome.

"Old Glory" is flying on Capitaline Hill, the cradle of old Rome's and the modern world's civilization. The Stars and Stripes is swinging from the sixteenth century capitol building, designed by Michael Angele.

The American club of Paris, France, has decided to permit all American army and navy officers on duty there in future to become honorary members of the club without payment of fees, until the war ends.

$171.72 for a Big Bull.

Marcellus Sankey, of Potters Mills, disposed of a big bull recently to A. M. Riegel, buyer for the Lock Haven packing house, that weighed 1908 lbs. The price paid was nine cents per pound, live weight, which netted Mr. Sankey the neat sum of $171.72. Big money for one animal for beef.

THE BACHELORS' CLUB

There Was a Penalty For Marriage

By RICHARD MARKLEY

The Bachelors' club was an association of men who regarded themselves as being especially happy in not having wife, child or home and who looked upon women as designing persons who made it their business to enslave men, usually by some underhanded means altogether reprehensible.

The Bachelors' club came to order, the president in the chair.

"Fellow bachelors," he said, "one of our number has committed matrimony. Edward Hammerton has taken to himself a wife. I will read article 7 of our constitution, applying to his case:

"When any member shall become engaged or has been married he shall pay a fine and his membership in the club shall cease. He shall state the arts by which he was snared. If there are palliating circumstances in his case he shall not pay the whole fine, but such portion of it as the club may consider a just amount in his case.

"Mr. Hammerton will now make his statement."

"I assure you, gentlemen," said the retiring member, "that no intention whatever to desert you ever entered my head until a diabolical combination of young women in the town where I live forced matrimony upon me. These persons organized a club based on a custom prevailing in a foreign land. Between the mountains of India and Persia, I have since understood, is a powerful tribe, among whom the ladies can choose their own husbands. All a single woman has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of the man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her unless he can show that he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

"Inspired by this suggestion from a land where secret venomous methods underlie all social conditions, every unmarried woman in the town where I live formed a club—rather, entered upon a conspiracy—to force the bachelors into matrimony. One morning, being about to leave my home, on taking my hat from the hall closet something soft and scented fluttered against my hand. I shuddered. I had touched the Indian poison flower and was reminded of its waxen petals and its seductive odor. Taking the hat to the light, I saw pinned to it a blue silk handkerchief in one corner of which was embroidered my monogram in white silk thread. Observe, gentlemen, the insinuating method of this designing creature. She not only knew how dear to every man is his alma mater, but she was aware that blue is the color of my college.

"Mind you, gentlemen, I did not at the time know of this society or of its malevolent purpose, for the members kept both secret so long as possible. I asked my butler how the handkerchief came to be pinned to my hat. He said that the servant of Miss Eugenia Tomlinson, living at the other end of the street, had called before I was out of bed, asked for my hat and attached the handkerchief. Why he had done so he did not state.

"Going to my club after I had breakfasted, I sat down to a cigar and a paper. In the paper I read a full account of the organization and practices of this pestilent Indian plant that had been imported to our soil. I also read a list of the bachelor heads that had already fallen and was aghast to see the names of two of my most intimate friends.

"'Great heavens,' I cried, the perspiration starting out on me, 'and I have already received a deadly Black Hand notification!'

"The lady who had thus marked me for matrimonial misery, both from her beauty and general attractiveness, was all powerful. Any man on whom she pinned the skull and crossbones must walk the plank. There was no hope for him. Nevertheless, though seeing the signal to heave to, I made up my mind to pay no attention to it. I simply sailed on, minding my own business."

"Why didn't you take to an aeroplane?" a member interrupted.

"Rats!" "Buncombe!" "Brave boy!" and the like greeted the speaker.

"One week after the receipt of the signal," he continued, "the period given blacklisted bachelors by this club, I met one of my most respected women friends on the street. She cut me dead. The same day I met several others and received the cut direct from all. Here was, indeed, a boycott. You must remember, gentlemen, that, although we do not wish to surrender our independence to these creatures, to be ostracized by them is a serious matter. In time I was cut by every unmarried woman in town. Besides, the most attractive married women were honorary members of the club and joined the boycott.

"And then, gentlemen, appeared the most alluring feature of this malignant scheme. Last of all my feminine acquaintances I met the girl into whose toils it was intended that I should fall. A seductive blush overspread her features, a bewildering smile parted her vermilion lips and showed two rows of pearls beneath, then a modest dropping of the eyes. These women who had united to assist in snaring me were all denying me the benefit of their society for the purpose of driving me, like an innocent bird, into the opening of the net intended for me."

At this point in the speech there were groans and cries of "Poor boy!" "Innocent bird!" "Where's his mother!" "He's going to cry!" and the like.

"Here, fel—I was going to say fellow bachelors; alas, I can call you such no longer!—I took that first step which leads to the final, inevitable fall. I turned and joined her. Like the inebriate who sips the first glass of wine that he knows will drag him down to his ruin, I submitted myself to a presence which I knew would steal away my brains. I might as well have swallowed laudanum."

"Run for a stomach pump!"

"Walk him!"

"Pour water down his throat!"

These and other such calls came from the unsympathetic members of the club. The benedict continued his confession:

"My intention, gentlemen, in joining her—so I persuaded myself; 'whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad'—was to say something to her to cause her to desist in her intention to enslave me. I began in this wise: 'If my circumstances were such as to enable me to marry I should esteem myself honored beyond measure in being invited by a lady in every way so calculated to inspire my esteem. But my income, only $10,000 a year, is barely enough for my own'—

Cries of "Dead give away!" "Selfish brute!" "I'll bet she's going to cry!"

"Who said cry? asked the confessor, surprised.

"I did,' replied the homeliest member.

"That's exactly what she did."

"I knew it," said the homeliest member. "A member of the club told me in confidence that certain instructions are laid down for the girls, the principal of which is to cry."

The confessor groaned and went on:

"We were walking toward the girl's home and at this point reached her door. She burst into a passion of tears and ran into the house, shutting the door behind her.

"I stood looking vaguely about me, not knowing just what to do. I wished a policeman would come along and run me in. I had an undefined sense of having committed a crime. It seemed to me that I had plunged a dagger into the heart of the girl who had left me. I went to my club, lighted a cigar, smoked it two minutes and threw it away. I went into the billiard room, knocked the balls about for two minutes more, threw down my cue and, shoving my hands in my pockets, walked up and down in the hallway. Several of my friends came in, but somehow I wanted to get rid of them. They all wanted to know what was the matter with me. One of them pestered me, telling me about some liver pills he had used with great effect.

"I dined at the club with another. I surprised him by ordering my dessert immediately after the soup and undertook to carve a bird in cross sections. You see, the poison had entered my blood and was crawling through the veins to the heart. When the dinner was over I told my friend I was sick and was going home to bed. I lied. I had never before told a deliberate lie. You see, the effect of this Indian flower with its noxious but ecstatic perfume, Facilis descensus Averni, which, being interpreted, means, 'When a man makes a false step the descent into iniquity is easy.'

"When one has committed a crime he feels an irresistible desire to visit the spot where it was enacted. The spot where my crime had been perpetrated was a few steps from the home of the girl who had inoculated me. I went there. I was possessed with a desire to apologize for a sin I hadn't committed. I rang the bell, went into the house and sent up my card."

"Gone up!" cried a voice.

"He'll never go there any more," said another.

"Gentlemen," continued the confessor, "I sat with wildly beating heart in the drawing room till I heard a rustle of skirts and a tap of a tiny heel on the staircase. A moment later there in the doorway stood—what shall I call it?—a vision of loveliness, a dream.

"Gentlemen, I have finished."

"Go on!" "Don't I wish I'd had one like that!" "Peaches and cream are nothing to it!" and other such indelicate, or, at least, irreverent, cries filled the room. The president rapped for order.

"Fellow bachelors," he said, "we have all listened to the confession of our unfortunate ex-member, and I know there is not one of us who has not listened with exuberant sympathy. Expressions of opinion as to the amount of the fine he shall pay are now in order. You are aware that the amount lies between $100 and $500."

"I move," cried a voice, "that on account of the united pressure brought to bear and the boycott (unusual circumstances) the fine be remitted entirely."

"And I move," said another, "that the fine be doubled. It's my opinion that our ex-brother was a willing victim."

"And I move," said the homeliest man, "that the ladies of this city be invited to organize one of these Indian pizen societies right here among us."

At this there were groans and cries of "Put him out!" "Renegade!" "He's been infected!" under which the homeliest man tried to hide.

The president arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "since it is left with me to name the fine, I will say that I agree with our fellow member who says that the circumstances in this case are unusual, and I will remit the fine altogether."

The confessor arose for a last word.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I insist on paying a double fine. My descent into Avernus is worth a hundred times the amount."

The FLAVOR LASTS in WRIGLEY'S

If pleasure made price Its cost would be thrice!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT LEAF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT

WRAPPED IN UNITED COUPONS 733

Chew it after every meal

VALUABLE ADVICE

Bellefonte Citizens Should Profit by the Following Statement.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used by this Bellefonte resident.

Their merit was shown—the story told.

Now comes further evidence.

The testimony is confirmed.

The remedy was tested—the results lasted.

Could Bellefonte residents demand stronger proof?

It's Bellefonte testimony. It can be investigated.

James H. Rine, carpenter, 239 High St., says: "My back was so weak I could hardly put on my shoes. I had severe pains through my limbs and could hardly drag myself around. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., cured me."

Over Three Years Later Mr. Rine said: "I have had no occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills since they cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rine has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hold Two Who Reproduced Flag.

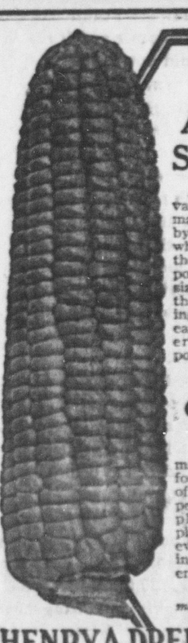
Athens and James George, motion picture theatre proprietors, at Harrisburg, who used the American flag on programs, were compelled to furnish $300 bail for court, on a charge of desecrating the flag. They claimed they were only to be patriotic.

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
200 Market Street - PITTSBURGH, PA.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

LIBERTY LOAN!

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY A BOND!

The Bellefonte Trust Company will take your subscription for the purchase of a U. S. Bond, pay 3½ per cent interest, in denominations of $100 to $1,000, or in less amounts should the government issue bonds in smaller sums.

You can convert this bond into a future bond payable higher interest.

We'll buy these bonds for you without charge.

Every Man and Woman in this Country Ought to Buy a Bond.

They ought to buy as many as they can carry. They ought to subscribe for them NOW.

DO YOUR BIT! BUY A BOND!

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Robbery Plot Went Astray

Mystery of Postoffice Burglary Cleared by Amateur

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright by Charles W. Hooke.

My visitor had an excellent counterfeit of a frank demeanor, yet I observed that he desired strict privacy for our interview and that he was interested in the question whether the sound of our voices would penetrate the thin partition which separated my modest sanctum from the composing room of the newspaper. He drew a chair very close to mine and laid a clipping on the desk.

"Could you tell me," said he, "who wrote that article?"

It was a labored disquisition on the reading of cryptograms and had been printed in last week's Saturday supplement with small hope on my part that it would amuse anybody in our town.

"Certainly," said I. "It was written by David Graham, foreman of my composing room."

"Could I see Mr. Graham?" he asked.

"You may send him your card," said I, "the real one, not the one you sent to me."

He eyed me with mild surprise.

"What makes you think"— he began, but I cut in upon him.

"I don't think; I know. You are a postoffice detective, and your name is Charles Baxter. You are in this town to investigate the robbery here last week. I'm investigating it also as a part of my business, and that's how I happen to know you."

"Right," said he. "But as for the card"—

"We shall not need it now. I'll send for Mr. Graham."

My foreman was a tall, thin, long faced Scot with a hard mouth and a mild eye.

"I want you to help me in the matter of this postoffice robbery," said Baxter, coming right to the point. "The job was done by two men, and we know one of them, but it's the other who has the plunder. The fellow we've got our eyes on hasn't a cent of it, and he is keeping away from it and from his pal. He's as smooth an article as I've encountered in many a day. We could arrest him any minute; but, though we have a moral certainty that he's guilty, I couldn't bank so high on the legal evidence. And, anyhow, we should lose the pal and the swag, for it's a sure thing that our man wouldn't squeal. He hasn't been near this town since the night of the robbery. He's living in a boarding house in Stanhope, twenty miles west of us, and his patience seems to be about as long suffering as ours. His only mistake is that he writes letters, and we've trapped one

"COULD YOU TELL ME WHO WROTE THAT ARTICLE?"

of them. He started to mail it yesterday afternoon and dropped it on the street. One of my men, who was shadowing him, nabbed it in a holy second, and here it is."

Baxter laid an envelope on the leaf of my desk between Graham and me. We saw that it was addressed to Miss Annie Davenport, a young woman much admired in our town and of unblemished reputation. I was amazed and distressed that her name should be brought into such an affair.

"It's open," said the detective to Graham. "See what you can make of it."

"I am not so clear as to that," answered Graham. "It would appear to me that I might like the young lady's permission."

Upon this Baxter made quite a flowery argument, speaking of the interests of justice and other lofty considerations, but Graham and I were not impressed.

"Who wrote this?" I asked when the detective paused for breath.

"You'll know the name," said he—"Walter Allen."

I did indeed know the name and the man. Allen was the sole survivor of a family that had once been prominent in our town. He himself had been a wild youth, and his reputation had not improved with added years. He had inherited a small property from his father and was supposed to have squandered it. The homestead had been sold in foreclosure proceedings within a year, and little had been seen of Allen in Stockton since then. I knew, however, that he had once been very attentive to Annie Davenport, but had been supplanted in her affections, if, indeed, he ever had a share in them, by a much better man, to whom she was now said by the gossips to be engaged. This was Stuart Farnsworth, son of our postmaster and himself a new fledged lawyer not without clients.

"On the night of the robbery," said the detective, "Allen was seen and positively recognized within fifty yards of the postoffice just after the safe was blown, and he was running away. That's how sure we are of him. The man who saw him had sense enough to keep dark about it except to the postoffice authorities. He didn't even tell the police, for which we're much obliged."

It was a fact that Allen's name had not been whispered in connection with the affair.

"Now, here's a curious circumstance," continued Baxter. "The other robber was seen, too, but not recognized. He may have been disguised or he may be a stranger. At any rate we have his description, and we know that he carried a large black handbag. That bag doubtless contained $8,000 and more of Uncle Sam's money. He had sense enough not to run, and Billy Stern, the letter carrier, who was the man that saw him, had no idea that there was anything wrong with the fellow until after he heard that Allen had been seen running in the other direction empty handed. Then the meaning of the man with the big bag flashed upon Stern's mind, and he told me."

"Does the description fit anybody hereabouts?" asked Graham.

"Except for a beard, which might have been false, of course," said Baxter, "it would fit Stuart Farnsworth, the postmaster's son, fairly well. And there's a point: Young Farnsworth might have known of the unusual sum of money in the postoffice safe. But he seems to have a fair alibi. He was calling that evening on a young lady named Annie Davenport."

"It lies in my mind that the robbery was past 12," said Graham, "and the young man would not be staying at Miss Davenport's so late."

"We learn that he left about 11," responded Baxter, "but the thieves were at work in the postoffice by 10 at the latest. It was better than a two hours' job on that safe. And now, Mr. Graham," he continued, "will you help me read this letter? It is in cipher, and we can't make anything of it. We have reason to assume that Allen has sent several to Miss Davenport since the robbery, and we think that we are justified in trying to get at the bottom of this puzzle. The young lady may be entirely innocent, of course. It's probable that she knows nothing of Allen's connection with the robbery or that he is suspected. There's doubtless some trick by which she is made to hand on these letters to the right party."

"I'd say the same to her if I was you," said Graham. "Then you'll be in the way of learning the insides of all this."

Baxter balked at this suggestion, but we succeeded in persuading him, and he set out for the house where Miss Davenport lived with her widowed mother. I gave him a note of introduction to the young lady and some rather severe admonitions as to his behavior, for I could see that he vaguely suspected her of some (perhaps unconscious) complicity in this affair. He was gone about two hours and returned both pleased and puzzled.

"This is a queer business," said he. "I'll be hanged if I understand it. But here's the story: A few days after the robbery Miss Davenport got a note from Allen. He told her some sort of a faked up story about being bothered by his debts and the noble resolve that he had made to pay them all. It was necessary, he wrote, that he should communicate secretly with a friend in this town. Would Miss Davenport receive the letters and simply hold them until the friend should come and claim them? She need not answer; he would take it for granted that she would do this small service for one whom she had once been gracious enough to count among her friends. Since then she has received five letters and has held them unopened on the theory that they were not for her. The friend has not appeared. I made her understand mighty clearly that this was a part of the postoffice robbery, and naturally she didn't like the idea. Here are the letters and her written permission for Mr. Graham to read them if he can."

"Give me the one that your gillie found on the street," said Graham. And Baxter laid it before him. It was a brief typewritten note consisting of a single string of jumbled letters and figures, as follows:

3 l 2 f q p v l e b s f 2 v q 3 p d n h 4 e ;
o q x g l z f u 2 m g g r 1 r v j f u 2 q w t
l u j n f 2 y k n n 3 f r p h.

"You didn't show anything like that in your article," said Baxter, grinning.

"I was writing for grown folk," rejoined Graham. "This is child's play. It's a mere shift of the alphabet. The figures divide off the words and also show the extent of the shift, which is different for each word. How simple! '3 l'—l is the third letter after i; '2 f q p v'—f is the second letter after d, q is the second after o. The whole reads this way: 'I don't dare to make a move yet. Keep quiet. Our time will come.'"

"That doesn't give us much light," said Baxter, "but we have the other letters, and there's no doubt they were intended for Allen's pal. If the same cipher is used we've got"—

He paused as if stricken with paralysis. One of Miss Davenport's letters was open in his hand. The contents were blank paper!

It was the same with all of them; not a scrap of writing.

"Well, this knocks my eye out!" said Baxter. And then, with sudden energy: "These envelopes have been opened. I see the whole game. Stuart Farnsworth is the man. These letters were not kept under lock and key; they were scarcely out of plain sight—in a drawer of a writing desk in the Davenports' sitting room. Farnsworth could get at them without the girl's knowledge."

Now, this looked reasonable enough, except that a partnership in burglary between two bitter rivals in love would be somewhat of a novelty, especially with the young woman an unconscious assistant in the nefarious schemes. My credulity was hardly equal to the de-

WITHOUT WARNING GRAHAM SPRANG UPON STERN.

mand upon it, and when I thought of what I knew about young Farnsworth's character I rebelled utterly.

"There is one point," Graham was saying. "Allen wrote this letter and lost it. Of course he would write another. Has it been received?"

"Not yet," said Baxter.

Graham glanced at the clock.

"There's one more delivery today," he said. "It'll be due in a few minutes at Miss Davenport's house. Suppose we go up there."

Baxter accepted the suggestion, and we set out at once, reaching the house precisely in the nick of time. Billy Stern was in the very act of delivering a letter to Miss Davenport at the gate.

Baxter, out of breath with walking, merely extended his hand for the letter, and Miss Davenport gave it to him. The detective tore open the envelope and drew forth a sheet of blank paper.

"This is too much for me," said he. "I'll be hanged if I understand"—

He was interrupted by a sudden and surprising occurrence. Without the slightest warning Graham sprang upon Stern, the carrier, and the two men came heavily to the ground. Graham was much the stronger. He seized Stern's right wrist and wrenched his hand open. A crumpled paper was disclosed. Baxter stooped and seized it, and I saw as he held it up that it bore a letter written in Allen's cipher.

Graham rose, pulled Stern up after him; then he faced Baxter.

"Why, man," he cried, "how could ye doubt who was at the bottom of this business? Did ye really believe that these letters were opened after Miss Davenport received them?"

"Do you mean that this fellow Stern has opened them," demanded Baxter, "that they were intended for his eyes, that the whole plot was between Stern and Allen?"

"Beyond a doubt," answered Graham. "Stern's description of the second robber was an obvious lie intended to throw dust in your eyes and cast suspicion upon an innocent man—young Farnsworth. Stern saw no robber but Allen until he came to a looking glass and saw himself. He's a trusted man in the office. He'd have a far better chance than the postmaster's son to know of the large sum in the safe. Did ye not think of that?"

Baxter slowly shook his head.

"I guess you're right," he said. "I remember trying to find Stern on the evening of the fourth day after the robbery, and on that same evening Allen got away from my watchers for a couple of hours. But I never thought that there was any connection between the two occurrences. They must have met."

"And on the next day Miss Davenport got the note from Allen asking her to receive the letters," said Graham. "It was a clever trick. Allen knew that he was watched. He dared not mail letters to Stern or even to a bogus name, for he knew you would trace them—in short, they had to be delivered to somebody. If they had been destroyed or held in the postoffice you'd have known that the other thief must be there."

He turned suddenly and seized the pale and trembling postman by the arm with a grip that made him wince.

"You'd just opened this last letter, eh?" said he. "And you had the inclosure in your pocket? Of course. And when you saw Mr. Baxter open the envelope you were afraid and tried to crumple the slip in your hand and toss it over the fence, but I nabbed you in time. Am I right?"

Stern tried to answer, but his throat was too dry. His face was a picture of guilt.

"Well, I guess he's the man, sure enough," said Baxter.

The rest was easy. Before the evening was over the two thieves were in custody and their plunder unearthed from the hiding place where Stern had bestowed it.

A Race For A Stake

But There Was More In It Than the Money.

By ALAN HINSDALE

A number of persons stood on the front porch of a summer hotel near Washington, now looking at their watches and now up the road as if expecting something or somebody. Among them was a young lady dressed evidently for an automobile ride.

"If he gets here at 3 o'clock he'll be an hour ahead of time," said one.

"What time is he due in Washington?" asked another.

"At 6."

"What's up on it?"

"Oh, nothing valuable. It's a gentleman's race against time. A dozen pairs of gloves are all there is in it."

"Here he comes now."

The last one of these remarks was scarcely spoken before a minute cloud of dust was easily discernible up the road. An automobile appeared a mere speck and began to grow in apparent size. In another minute it pulled up at the steps of the hotel. A young man jumped out, calling for gasoline and such other automobile equipments as he needed. The lady mentioned stepped up to him and said:

"Mr. Champlin, I believe."

"I am," replied the auto man, bowing and trying to get hold of his cap to pull it off.

"My cousin, Humphrey Cook, knowing that I was here, that I adore automobiling and that I wish to go to the city, has written me that you would stop here and possibly would take me in."

Mr. Champlin hesitated.

"I'll be no trouble," the lady added. "Really I should be delighted for your company, but in case of any delay I may have to proceed at breakneck speed."

"The faster you go the better I shall like it."

"Very well. I'm an hour ahead and if nothing breaks shall have no trouble in reaching the goal on time. Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Step in, Miss— I beg your pardon. I didn't get your name."

"Hood—Jaqueline Hood," replied the girl.

Mr. Champlin started. "Jack Hood!" he exclaimed.

"The same. Is there anything about Jack Hood that you don't like?"

"I've heard she's the worst feminine daredevil the world has ever seen."

"You've also heard probably that she knows all about an auto. Perhaps she may aid you in case of trouble."

By this time Miss Hood was settling herself comfortably in the auto, tying her veil under her chin. There was a singular look on Champlin's face. He had bet Humphrey Cook that he would drive his auto to New York and return by a given time. Might not Cook have sent this girl to delay him?

"I'm sorry, Miss Hood," he said, "but I've changed my mind about taking you."

"I haven't changed mine about going."

A bewitching smile hovered on her lips, and her eyes danced with mischief.

"Very well," he said, "I'll take you. But remember that in case there's any rascality perpetrated I shall treat you just as if you were a man."

"Good! That's the way I wish to be treated."

During this scene the onlookers had gathered around the machine, and at the last words some of the men and all the women clapped their hands. Champlin got in, and the couple rolled away, followed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. In another minute nothing could be seen of them but a tiny dust cloud.

For an hour Miss Hood entertained the driver of the auto in such a way as to make him forget everything but her. Nevertheless his eye was on the speed gauge and the clock, and nothing pertaining to winning his race was neglected. There are women who can do more with a man in an hour than other women can do in a lifetime. Miss Hood simply absorbed him.

"Have you time to stop for a glass of milk?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, there's a farmhouse off the road up there. Would you mind getting one for me?"

Mr. Champlin stopped before the gate and went up to the house. A woman answered his knock at the door, and he went inside. He was no sooner out of sight than Miss Hood jumped out, took a small nickel plated monkey wrench from her belt, unscrewed a nut and put it in her pocket. She had not finished her work before Champlin reappeared with a glass of milk in his hand. Miss Hood was awakened to his presence by hearing the breaking of glass on stone. Looking up, she saw Champlin the picture of astonishment and chagrin. He knew that he had been "done."

Striding with a quick step to the auto, he said sternly:

"You know what I said before leaving—that if there was any rascality perpetrated I would treat you just as I should a man."

"Oh, yes," she replied, making a face at him; "I remember that."

"Give me what you have removed."

"I decline to do so."

Champlin made a dive for her. She sidled around the auto. He followed, chasing her in a circle. She was too fleet for him. He was strong, but she was agile. At every stop there would be the pretty face brimming with mischief, her eyes riveted on him that she should be ready for his slightest move. Finally he gave it up.

"Did Cook send you out to do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to lose the bet."

"That isn't necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"That if you ask me to give you what I have taken I will do so."

"On what conditions?"

"No conditions."

"No conditions! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I agreed with Humphrey for a dozen pairs of gloves to come out and delay you. Please don't ask me why I prefer not to do so."

She cast down her eyes, and her meaning was plain. She had "gone soft" on Champlin.

She handed him the nut. He replaced it, and in another minute they were shooting again along the road.

Champlin was delighted. Cook had very nearly got ahead of him—would have got ahead of him had it not been that the girl had taken so great a fancy to him that she hadn't the heart to "do" him. What a splendid joke it would be on Cook and the party who were present at the making of the bet when Champlin and Miss Hood rolled up to the —— hotel on time! Miss Hood hadn't even asked for the gloves her cousin had offered her to help him win them. Champlin told her that as soon as he received the stakes he would give them to her and she could change them for ladies' gloves. Instead of being pleased at this, she appeared to be very much hurt. Champlin begged her to tell him why, and she replied that she had not consented to be a turncoat for a bribe. This left him to understand that she had done it all for him. There was a very tender scene between them, at the end of which the misunderstanding was made up, and for the rest of the journey Miss Cook held the steering wheel, while Mr. Champlin's arm was about her waist.

There were no more delays. On approaching the city, having still an hour's leeway, they concluded to stop at a convenient place and get the dust out of their throats with an ice. Champlin left the lady for a brief season while he poured out something more effective than an ice in doing away with dust. On rejoining her they partook of the ices and resumed their journey.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Miss Hood of her companion.

"Oh, I was thinking how surprised that cousin of yours will be when we roll up on time. That was a rascally proceeding of his, and it deserved to fail. If you hadn't been the dearest girl in the world it would have succeeded. But just think of his surprise when he hears of the other part of it."

He managed to get hold of her hand with his left, holding on to the wheel with one hand, and they bowled along in this way until they met another conveyance.

And now the dome of the capitol with the figure perched upon it loomed up faint in the distance. It was not long before the outskirts of the city were reached, and half an hour before the time limit had expired they stopped at the ladies' entrance of the —— hotel. A liveried servant advanced and said:

"Mr. Cook and a party of ladies and gentlemen are in a private dining room waiting for you, sir."

Entering the room, Champlin expected to find Cook eager to know why his scheme had failed. Instead Cook handed his cousin a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves. After this he put out his hand to Champlin.

"I congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart on your engagement."

Champlin stood mute with astonishment.

"Champ, old boy," added Cook, "you need an explanation. To make you lose I sent my cousin Jack out to effect an entrance into your auto and delay you on the way. If she succeeded she was to have a dozen pairs of gloves for a reward. She has lost the gloves."

"That's plain," said Champlin.

"Well, there was a bet between Jack and me of another dozen pairs of gloves against a hundred cigars that she would make you propose to her on the way."

Champlin looked so many emotions, of which astonishment and shamefacedness were the most prominent, that all burst into a laugh, in which he finally joined. Then, turning to Miss Hood, he advanced, with a puzzled, inquiring look on his face.

"Was it all a sham?" he asked.

She made no reply in words, but a slight color rising to her cheeks indicated that the brief period she had passed, even of a sham engagement, had not been unpleasant to her. Besides, Champlin was regarded as one of the best catches in Washington. Since he could get no word of confirmation he concluded to apply a test. Putting an arm around the girl's waist, he drew her toward him and kissed her. She submitted without a protest.

"It's a go!" shouted Cook, and there was a burst of merriment, all crowding around Miss Hood to congratulate her, the men with handshakes, the women with kisses.

"Good for you, Champ!" cried Humphrey Cook. "You've won out all around. But the stake on the race is nothing compared with winning a wife. And you've got a dandy one, that can run anything, from a car to a man, and you'll find that she can take both the auto and the man apart and put them together again without the least trouble."

The wedding journey was an auto trip to California.

BEST OF ALL ASSETS.

Character It Is That Wins the Great Battles of Life.

"God Almighty hates a quitter," said Tom Reed of Maine. The nation roared applause from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the gulf for the virile vigor of this rough expression of manhood. The sentiment is one of perennial value.

But what makes the man who does not know when he is defeated and fights to the finish, be the finish his or his opponent's? Is it not character, and is not character at bottom only the moral equivalent of stalwart backbone?

The quitter fails, and fails because he lacks the force of character, the strength of will, which sees possibilities beyond capacities and regards obstacles as opportunities, discouragements as incentives. The fight which is worth attempting at all is the fight which deserves to be fought through. "It's dogged as does it," as when Heenan said to Sayers, "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," and he won the last round and the match.

There was character. It may not have been ideal character. It certainly was not character in its highest expression. But it was the sum of the man's whole personality. All the power of him, all the pith and punch of invincible determination, went into the winning of his fight. The bulldog shows the same strength of will when he lets himself be choked or cut to pieces rather than let go his grip on the other dog's jugular.

It is this readiness to be killed, if need be, if one cannot best one's adversary, which wins the battle of life for men and the wars of nations for their existence. Such a readiness is a form of character and the product, whether aware or unaware, of a fight to achieve character. It is the reaction of the spirit to the long working of life and circumstances upon the raw and plastic ore of human nature.

Make money, then, and do so honorably. Get understanding for the sake of social service as well as your own growth. Win power over men through right methods of approach and appeal. But with all your getting and gains achieve character above all.

Nothing can take the place of character. It knows of no substitute. Cleverness, cunning and shrewdness are paper money. Character is the gold which alone gives them value. Pierpont Morgan rated character above collateral as security for loans and credit. Character is the best of all assets.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Hints to Milliners.

"No successful milliner can work alone," says a milliner in the American Magazine. "If she does her hats will come to have a sameness year after year that will lose her patrons. If she cannot go to Paris she must visit shops, such as mine is at present, and see as many smart people as possible. This is a fact generally recognized by all good shops. Those in the middle west and far west who cannot send their representatives abroad send them to New York instead, and the smaller milliner who cannot afford even this must keep up with the smartest people in her own town and the nearest large cities and even supplement this by the smart trade magazines."

Grow Rhubarb In Your Cellar.

To cultivate a fine specimen of rhubarb you do not need any garden at all, but just a corner of a cellar and an old barrel or deep box.

Bore a dozen holes in the sides of your barrel for ventilation and a few in the bottom for drainage. Then place in it a layer of cinders about two inches deep and cover this with ordinary garden soil. Now, plant your roots side by side, and cover them with another layer of earth.

Water them occasionally and keep the top of the barrel covered with a piece of carpet.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Is It Safe?"

The Great Western railway, as part of its "safety" movement for the prevention of accidents to its employees, has issued a token which it is hoped will remind railway servants to think before taking action. The token, which is of brass and the size of a penny, bears the words, "In every action ask yourself, 'Is it safe?' This will disclose unseen dangers, inspire forethought, induce care and prevent accidents." On the reverse side of the token is the inscription, "A charm against accidents. 'Is it safe?'"—London Times.

Save the Dollars.

Few exist who are unwilling to be handed a fortune. Few exist who are unwilling to work for it.

Many educate and train to become expert dollar getters, and they qualify. But they are willing money spenders and are a long way from dollar piles and money mastership.

Develop your dollar pile. The main chance is while dollar getting.

Think!—Detroit Free Press.

Time to Go.

"Did you know that the Bentleys are moving?"

"Moving? Why, they've only been here a year. People are just beginning to get to know them."

"That's why they are going."—New York Times.

Could Sympathize.

He — I told your father frankly I couldn't support you. She—What did he say? He—He said that he had the same experience.—Exchange.

Be gentle, but like the nettle, which is not so gentle that it is trampled on.—Youth's Companion.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 31 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advert.sing, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

Are you "doing your bit"?

Fish stories are rampant. The snake liar is due next.

Why not send the Legislature to the trenches in France? Not much doing at Harrisburg.

Let Centre County establish a proud record on Registration Day, June 5th. We know the old county will make good.

If the Legislature insists on licensing fishing, each license should carry a guarantee that the owner will catch some fish.

Watch your step, also your pocketbook, at the circus grounds on Saturday. The light fingered gentry usually go after the farmers.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Hugh Black, of New York City.

The following is the program of State College Commencement:—

Friday, June 8th Closing exercises two year agricultural class—Address by Dr. H. W. Mitchell, '90. Freshmen "stunts"—front campus. Concert, College Musical Clubs, Auditorium.

Saturday, June 9th—Military band concert, front campus. Review of Cadet corps, Beaver field. Baseball, Pitt vs. Penn State, Beaver field.

Sunday, June 10th—10:30 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Hugh Black of New York. 4:30 p. m.—Military band concert, front campus. 6:30 p. m.—Y. M. C. A. meeting, front campus. 8:00 p. m.—Sacred concert, Auditorium.

Monday, June 11th—Commencement procession, graduation exercises, class of 1917, Auditorium. Class day exercises, class of of 1917, front campus. Track meet, Pitt vs. Penn State, Beaver field. Meeting of parents of graduates, Auditorium. President's reception to Commencement guests, president's lawn. Annual meeting, Board of Trustees. Junior Oratorical contest, Auditorium. Junior dance, armory.

Tuesday, June 12th—Annual meeting, Phi Kappa Phi. Public welcome to fifty year reunion class, Auditorium. Annual meeting, general Alumni Association, Auditorium. Alumni luncheon at the "Big Tent," front campus. Alumni "Pee-rade," front campus to Beaver field. Alumni dance and reception, armory.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

The following is the program which has been arranged for the Class Day exercises:

President's Farewell Address, H. A. Clark
History of the Class, D. D. Mason
Class Oration, R. W. Ostermayer
A Special "Stunt," 1917 Girls
Honor presentations
Class presentations, H. L. Henderson,
Memorial presentation, W. R. Diem.

Flag Raising.

Sunday afternoon a flag raising was held at the Buffalo Run Presbyterian church. The speakers of the hour were Hon. Ellis L. Orvis and Dr. William K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church. Both gentlemen are able and forcible speakers and did much to arouse the people in that section of the county to the realization that the United States is in a war such as the world has never witnessed. They therefore called upon everybody to do their share toward aiding to bring it to a speedy termination by either answering the conscript or being faithful to the trust by working on the farms.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Revering the Memory of Ex Gov. Curtin.

George W. Port, caretaker of the Union cemetery, is to be congratulated on the excellent appearance of the City of the Dead on Decoration day. He did exceedingly well from the fact that he has been short-handed as to help. The lots and graves never looked better than on this national holiday.

This occasion always causes an extra influx of people to the cemetery and among the first places they visit is the tomb of the late ex-Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin for the purpose of taking cognizance of the beautiful floral design, in shape of a maltese cross, which is annually sent here by the Pennsylvania Reserve Association, of Philadelphia, in charge of the Gregg Post No. 95, G. A. R., to be placed on the grave of Pennsylvania's war Governor and Bellefonte's most distinguished citizen.

This makes the 22nd year for this beautiful floral design which has been forwarded here and, year by year, has been admired by hundreds of people who not only reside in Bellefonte but elsewhere. Besides this the custom is greatly appreciated by the members of the Curtin family and the many relatives of the deceased who reside here and throughout the country. In addition to this the members of Gregg Post take great pride in placing the emblem on the grave of the departed who was not only the friend of the soldier, during the Civil war, but made it possible that the orphans left from that great struggle should not suffer for want of an education and a start in the world.

A Pat of Butter.

One pat or serving of butter is a little thing—there are about 64 of them in a pound.

In many households the butter on the plates probably would equal one part or one-fourth of an ounce daily—scraped off into the garbage pail or washed off in the dish pan.

But if every one of our 20,000,000 households should waste one-fourth of an ounce of butter daily, on the average, it would mean 312,000 pounds a day—114,062,500 pounds a year.

To make this butter would take 265,261,560 gallons of milk—or the product of over half a million cows.

But, butter isn't eaten or wasted in every home, some one objects. Very well. Say only one in 100 homes wastes even a pat of butter a day—over 1,000,000 pounds wasted. Still intolerable when butter is so valuable a food and every bit of butter left on a plate, is so useful in cookery.

The United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., or your State agricultural college will tell you how to use every bit of butter in cookery.

For Benefit of Troop L.

Press praise in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston has never been more profuse for any production than it has for Thos. H. Ince's $1,000,000 cinema spectacle "Civilization" which will be the attraction at the Scenic Thursday, June 7th, afternoon and evening.

Among some of the comments made by the leading newspapers are the following:

"Greatest of all films. Nothing so stupendous ever before conceived by the brain of man. Greater than the 'Birth of a Nation'"—N. Y. Evening Journal.

"Outdoes the 'Birth of a Nation'"—Louis Sherwin in the N. Y. Globe.

Matinee at 3 p. m. Evening performances 6 45 and 9 o'clock sharp. Tickets for the low price of 50cts. Special music and soloist.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Mrs. Harry Jenkins, of Tyrone, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. B. Garman, in Bellefonte, this week.

Mrs. Walter B. Furst, of New Haven, Conn., arrived in Bellefonte Wednesday to spend the summer. Mr. Furst has enlisted for military service.

A. B. Lee, one of the most prominent citizens of Clearfield, and a heavy stockholder in the State Centre Electric Co. has been in Bellefonte this week.

Thomas Menchio, of Philipsburg, is in jail in Bellefonte charged with stabbing Walter Young. They were trying to settle family difficulties of long standing.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton, who has been spending most of her time recently among friends in Shickshinny, is visiting in Bellefonte and is greatly improved health.

We were jubilant over the fact that in the near future we were to have another circus but Joe Kelleher, the train dispatcher, put the quietus on our hilarity when he informed us Wednesday that the Sun Bros. circus, which was slated for here, was going to skip Bellefonte and go to Sunbury.

M. S. Betz, a progressive merchant and tiller of the soil, of Marion township, was a visitor in Bellefonte to-day (Thursday) calling on his friends. He is a good fellow and about everything he touches turns into gold. Everybody likes to shake hands with that sort of an enterprising man. He is also up and doing when there is anything to be done to advance the interests of Jacksonville and the community in general.

It is said that Dave Fishburn, of Bellefonte, not only claims the championship for raising chickens but he has entered into competition with Edgar Burnside to take the championship belt for catching trout. It is said that the other evening Dave was fishing along Spring Creek when something took hold of his line and he was nearly drawn into the stream. The trout he pulled out is said to be large enough that "Johnny" Sourbeck could have it cut down in slices.

Making an Acquaintance

Method Was Breezy, But Effective

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Atherton had gone to the country for the summer. She was a devoted automobilist and had intended to drive herself to the summer home of the Athertons, but the machine broke down the day before she was to start, and so busy were the mechanics that no one was available to make repairs. Miss Atherton therefore reluctantly decided to take a train, and the auto went to the shop to wait till some one could find time to repair it.

From the moment Miss Atherton reached her country home she missed her auto. She busied herself in her flower garden and returned temporarily to the bicycle which she had ridden as a little girl, but none of her devices for killing time sufficed.

A week passed and the auto did not come. To one used to motoring the perambulators provided by nature seem very inefficient. Miss Atherton fretted at having to walk or to remain at home on a bright afternoon when she would like to be spinning along over smooth roads in her car.

One morning she started for a walk The weather was balmy and rather suggestive of a siesta than trudging along a country road. Miss Atherton's motions were languorous. Presently she passed a spick and span machine standing beside the road. At the end of a long walk was a house. Doubtless the car belonged to some one in the house. The lady stopped and surveyed the machine covetously. It was a car for two persons. The nickel plate of the wheel, the starting and illuminating devices glistened in the sun.

Miss Atherton was tempted to open the door and rest herself on the cushions. Glancing at the house, no one was in sight. No one was coming up or down the road. There was a click and Miss Atherton was in the car. Another click denoted that she had closed the door.

Everything about her was quiet. Only birds sang.

She touched the electric starter. There was a bur-r-r of wheels. Before she realized what she was doing she had completed turning on the power, and the machine moved. How lovely! How easy! How comfortable! How restful after walking! She would run up the road for a short distance, turn and bring the car back to the place where she had found it.

As she moved off Jack Coolidge, the owner of the captured machine, came out of the house and from the porch saw some one running away with his machine. Instead of following on his legs, he ran around to a garage, got out another machine and gave chase.

Quite likely stealing is often at first unintentional. The thief admires something, perhaps covets it. He takes it in his hand. Surprised by some one who enters without seeing his act, he pockets the object, intending to replace it when he can do so unnoticed.

Miss Atherton was about to turn with the auto when she heard the sputter of a motor engine behind her. What possessed her to act as she did was a mystery to her. Hearing the words "Stop thief!" it occurred to her that if she obeyed the order she would be taken to a police station, tried for larceny and sent to state prison. Her first impulse was to put on speed; her second was to put on more speed, and the third was to use all the power of which the machine was capable.

Then followed a mad race. Coolidge got near enough to see that a woman was at the wheel, but he could not see what she was like. But presently, when she turned a short distance ahead of him, he got a better view and was astonished to see one who wore the apparel of a lady. The mystery deepened. Women don't steal auto cars. Such thefts are usually made by men, and very rough men at that. He could not conceive of a lady stealing his car. She was speeding along at such breakneck speed that he began to fear she would come to grief. What to do, he could not decide. He followed on as he had begun.

An auto coming from the opposite direction met the fleeing girl, and the driver saw by the expression and the speed at which she was traveling that she was under some great excitement. She flashed by him, and when in a few moments her pursuer did the same it was evident that a mad race was on between a woman and a man. Was it a real chase or material for a moving picture show? The observer did not know, but having an old fashioned machine he decided not to interfere and passed on, wondering. Other machines were met, and the drivers of most of them, seeing two cars coming like the wind, drew up beside the road to give them a safe passage.

Coolidge was driving a machine not capable of making the speed of the one being run away with, but for a time he gained on it, since he dare use his power to a greater extent. The fugitive for a time maintained some degree of caution, but as her pursuer gained on her she took risks without being fully conscious of their magnitude. Coolidge, having her before him, could see every turn she made and the risks she took, fearing that he was goading her to take them, slackened speed himself, hoping she would do the same.

Unfortunately for this purpose, the lady had no eyes in the back of her head and could not see whether her pursuer was gaining on her or losing ground. However, her ears told her that the machine behind her was making less noise, and had she not lost her head completely she would have reduced her speed accordingly. Since she showed no sign of doing so, Coolidge pressed his accelerator and soon drew up to within hailing distance. He thought of calling, but, remembering the result of his first effort, refrained.

Presently he saw the thief turn a sharp bend in the road. The auto skidded, followed a tortuous course for some distance and brought up against a deserted shanty. Before it struck the chauffeur had succeeded in reducing its speed, and neither she nor the machine was much injured, though both were badly jarred. But Miss Atherton was more rattled at being overhauled than by the jarring.

"Take me to jail!" she cried. "Take me to jail. I'm a thief."

Now, there was everything in Miss Atherton's appearance to belie her confession. Coolidge saw at once that what appeared on the surface was not the truth.

"Are you hurt?" he asked solicitously.

His tone was reassuring. Miss Atherton looked up and saw a gentleman regarding her not only kindly, but admiringly.

Miss Atherton, though she had regained her equanimity and satisfied herself that she was in no danger of being dragged to jail, was still not herself. Nevertheless, she was still a woman. She began to throw the blame on to Mr. Coolidge.

"What were you trying to run me down for?" she asked in no friendly tone.

"I could not see that a lady was driving my machine, so I naturally supposed some one was trying to get away with it."

Miss Atherton looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

"You were quite welcome to use my machine, I assure you," faltered Coolidge, fearing a collapse.

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"How could I say so when I was not on hand?"

"But you cried out, 'Stop thief!'"

"I supposed some one was stealing my machine. I did not know that a young lady had merely borrowed it."

Miss Atherton was recovering herself slowly. She made no rejoinder to Mr. Coolidge's last remark. He concluded to make an effort to get her either to her home or his, anywhere but where she was. There were two vehicles to be taken care of, but now that she had ceased to be buoyed up by excitement he did not have to trust her to drive either of them. Besides, he did not know whether the one she had been driving would be available after the collision. Opening the door of the car in which he had made the pursuit, he begged her to enter.

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"To your home."

"What will you do with the one I have injured?"

"Leave it where it is for the present."

She walked lamblike to the door he was holding open and entered the car. He entered at the wheel side and, turning into the road, drove back over the course they had been racing. But the return speed was very different from the outgoing. Mr. Coolidge was quite delighted with the adventure. He was pleased that his car had not been stolen and still more pleased to have a pretty girl beside him who had given him an opportunity to show his gallantry by borrowing his car without leave.

She begged him to permit her to send a man to take his machine to a shop and repair it, but he declared that it had not been damaged. Then began an explanation as to how she had come to run away with his car, but it was not exactly the one already given with this story. Up to the point where Coolidge had cried "Stop thief!" it was a succession of excuses. From that point onward it was a lamentation that he had made her think that she was flying from a long imprisonment. Coolidge declared that hanging would be too good for him, but he did not suggest anything else that he could have done under the circumstances. By the time he got her home he had implored her forgiveness, but what for did not matter. There was a sort of reconciliation between them, and everybody knows that making up between a young man and a young woman is liable to stir the emotions. At any rate, when they parted Coolidge had received permission to call in the evening to learn if the shock Miss Atherton had received had been fraught with serious consequences.

Coolidge availed himself of the privilege accorded him, and Miss Atherton had scarcely finished dinner before he was announced. He seemed very anxious lest some sign of physical or mental shock had appeared during the interval since he had last seen her and gave vent to an expression of joy when she assured him that she had suffered no injury whatever, except that she should have placed herself in such an embarrassing position. Coolidge assured her that he understood perfectly the innocence of the motive that actuated her in temporarily borrowing his car and assumed all the blame for causing her to take to flight. These self accusations and his efforts to render them nugatory took up the evening until near midnight, when the gentleman bade the young lady good night and went home.

A few days later Miss Atherton's car arrived, and she did penance for appropriating Mr. Coolidge's machine by inviting him to drive with her.

During the summer the couple took many auto rides together, with the usual consequences. The nuptial festivities were celebrated in the autumn.

NOT YET A MELTING POT.

It Will Take This Country Centuries to Blend Its Varied Races.

Through an extensive study of members of some of the oldest American families America as the "melting pot of the nations" proves to be but a convenient expression for writers and orators—merely a picture drawn by those who do not trouble themselves about the precision of their figures of speech, a myth without foundation of fact.

For four years Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, a curator of the division of physical anthropology of the United States National museum, has had under way an investigation of the blending of the various types of humanity in America, which, though not yet fully completed, has resulted in the inevitable conclusion that the force of heredity is too strong to be radically altered in a century or two and that we must wait centuries longer to find a type which will justify the statement that America is in reality a "melting pot" of the nations. Dr. Hrdlicka finds that even the first material that went into the "pot" has not melted yet.

Several hundred members of the old white American stock have been measured most carefully and examined in many ways to find if the people making up this stock are tending to become alike—if a new subtype of the human race is being formed here in America with intermarriage, environment and under the pressure of outward circumstances. Dr. Hrdlicka finds definitely that as yet such is not the case. His investigation shows that the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, the Virginia cavaliers, the Pennsylvania Dutch and the Huguenots, while possibly not as much unlike as their ancestors probably were, are still far from a real blend.—Philadelphia Record.

THE DEADLIEST POISON.

Curare, Whose Secret Is Known Only to the Abors of India.

The cranks who not so long ago conspired to murder Premier Lloyd George were going to employ curare, the kind made by the Abor tribesmen of India, which is the deadliest poison known to man.

It is believed in London, where curare has been extensively studied, that its chief ingredients are snake venom and certain distillations from decayed corpses. It is even asserted that the Abor tribesmen test the strength of curare by injecting a little into a vigorous tree. If all the leaves of the trees do not fall off within twenty-four hours the poison is considered inefficacious.

The Abors use curare in a simple, primitive way. They dip their arrow tips in the fresh poison. The slightest scratch from one such arrow tip means certain and immediate death.

The English conspirators, it will be remembered, planned to attack Lloyd George in the Abor way, shooting curare poisoned darts at him from an air gun.

The last case on record of curare murder occurred in Vienna, where a young doctor recently was sentenced to life imprisonment for supplying a young married woman with curare. She touched the poison to a scratch on her aged husband's arm, and he died in great agony.

Chickens are the only living creatures immune to the deadly effects of curare.—Detroit Free Press.

Saving Daylight.

The best way to save daylight is to get up early in the morning. The best ways to get up early in the morning are:

First.—Go to bed early at night.

Second.—Get an intermittent alarm clock and put it several yards away from the bed.

Third.—Stay up.

If every American followed these simple rules there would be far more daylight in this country than there is now.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Problems Needing Solution.

As examples of problems calling aloud for solution Henry Le Chatelier, the French scientist, names the following: In glassmaking, the limits of the variation of viscosity of glass in terms of temperature and chemical composition; in metallurgy, the measurement of hardness of tempered steel; in heating, the calorific conductibility of porous substances, such as fire brick; in agriculture, the laws of germination of grain in terms of humidity, temperature and oxygen supply.

Neutrality.

A proclamation of neutrality, the first in our national existence, was made by Washington April 22, 1793, citing the fact that a state of war existed between Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, Great Britain and the United Netherlands of the one part and France of the other and warning citizens to avoid all acts in breach of neutrality.

How About Right Now?

In fifty years, says a preacher, women will know more than men. There's one clergyman who is at least fifty years behind the times.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	32
Eggs	32

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.25
Corn	1.50
Oats	70
Rye	1.00

COMMENCEMENT JUNE 15

Prof. John Dennis Mahoney, of Phila. to Address High School Graduates.

Friday evening, June 15th, has been designated as the date for the commencement exercises of the graduating class of 1917 of the Bellefonte High School which will be held in the auditorium of the High School building, according to announcement this week by Professor Jonas E. Wagner, superintendent of schools. The exercises will be at 8.15 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt will preach the Baccalaureate sermon in the Reformed church Sunday evening, June 10th, at 7. 30 o'clock. The Junior Declamatory Contest will be held in the High School auditorium Wednesday evening, June 13th, at 8.15 o'clock.

The closing exercises of the grade schools of the Brick building will be held Thursday morning, June 14th, at 10 o'clock, and those of the new building Friday morning, June 15th, at 10 o'clock. A general exhibit of school work will be open throughout the closing events.

Prof. John Dennis Mahoney, head of the English Department of the West Philadelphia High School, will deliver the address to the High School graduating class. Prof. Mahoney is one of Philadelphia's most brilliant young educators, is a writer of note and an especially forceful and pleasing speaker. This will be his first appearance in Bellefonte and we trust that he will be greeted by a large audience.

The members of the graduating class are Harry Brandman, Regina Brandman, Carl F. Cronemiller, Ora Cronister, Vida Davis, Claire J. Deitrich, Verona Fisher, Florence E. Gray, Irene Gross, Bertha Haverstine, Nellie Hunsinger, Rachel Lambert, Sarah Leitzell, William Malone, Linn McGinley, Eleanor McSuley, Margaret Pendleton, Charlotte Reed, Malcolm Rhinesmith, Maud Rockey, Ann E. Shaughnessy, Donald Smith, John Smith, Marion Smith, Russell Stickler, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert B. Taylor, Joseph Wagner, Samuel Waite, Harry Wetzel, Malcolm Wetzler and Francis E. Willard.

The class motto is "Not at the Top, but Climbing." The class colors are gold and black. The class flower is the forget-me-not.

On account of the present war conditions the High school alumni has decided to abandon the annual reception, dance and other festivities generally on the program.

VETERANS AT CHURCH

Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt Preaches Annual Sermon to Grand Army.

Gregg Post No. 95, G. A. R., Spanish-American Veterans and the P. O. S. of A., worshipped with the Bellefonte Reformed congregation last Sunday morning. A goodly company of the old comrades were present and occupied the centre aisles. The auditorium was lavishly adorned with the American colors and flowers. The choir was large and rendered choice music in harmony with the occasion.

An able and very appropriate sermon was delivered by the pastor, Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt, and it was listened to with absorbed attention not only by the veterans but the large company of civilians who were in attendance. The subject of Dr Schmidt's discourse was "The Passing of the Kings."

Memorial to Mrs. Morris

At the morning services in the Presbyterian church last Sunday, Rev. McKinney accepted from A. G. Morris, Sr. a handsome silk flag, a memorial to his beloved wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Morris, who departed this life on Saturday, November 18th, 1916, at the family residence on Linn Street. The flag is large and stands conspicously on the platform at the pulpit. In accepting the handsome memorial Dr. McKinney paid a beautiful tribute to the life and character of Mrs. Morris who for years had been a devoted, earnest christian woman. His remarks, associating her life with the stars and stripes, were beautiful and touched a sympathetic chord with all present.

Fired on Officer.

There are four State Guards from the 18th Regiment, Pittsburgh, guarding the Titan Metal plant near Milesburg. They are on the job day and night and nobody goes in or out without giving strict account of themselves. It is said that on Sunday morning, about 1 o'clock, a man was halted and given time to get out or notified he would be arrested. The stranger departed very reluctantly but in a short time afterward somebody fired a shot at the guard from the bushes on the side of the mountain. The officer returned the shot but it missed its mark. Who the stranger was or what his business was at that hour of the night is not known.

Here is a Good Law.

Governor Brumbaugh last Friday signed a bill recently passed by the Legislature and thereby approved what to our mind is one of the best laws enacted in many years. It imposes a fine of $500 or a year's imprisonment, or both, on any automobilist who runs over and injures a person and who does not stop his car and return and render assistance to the injured person.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

The early corn planting is a poor stand and some farmers are replanting.

Miss Ruth Graham, of State College, is visiting here at the home of her uncle, N. T. Krebs.

The annual sermon to the I. O. O. F. members will be preached in the Lutheran church here Sunday June 3d, at 7.30 P. M. by Rev. D. F. Kapp, of State College. The public is cordially invited.

C. M. Dale and fa re Sunday visitors at the H. L. Dale home at Valley View.

Comrade J. W. Sunday was quite ill the early part of the week but is better now.

George Reuben Meek and wife and two interesting boys, Peter and Reuben, and Miss Laurie, motored up from Bellefonte and were callers with J. Will Kepler at the St. Elmo where they were delightfully entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kline, of State College, spent Sunday at the W. H. Roush home on East Main Street.

Sunday and Harpster are as busy as nailers shearing 55c wool. A. C. Kepler's flock tipped the beams at the 420 pound mark to swell his bank account.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered Sunday morning, June 10th, at 10.30 o'clock. Preparatory services Saturday previous at 10.30 A. M.

A. C. Kepler and wife were Sunday visitors with friends at Unionville.

Deemer Pierce and family motored across old Tussey's peaks Sunday and spent the day at the Squire McWilliams home at Charter Oak.

Road Supervisor G. E. Corl is running the stone crusher full time improving the roads in the Pine Hall section.

Arthur Burwell is visiting his brother Allen at Tyrone this week.

Farmer Harry Hoy on the Branch was in hard luck last week. One of his horses became unmanageable and was entangled, throwing itself on the plow, striking the jointer and being disemboweled. The horse was promptly shot to relieve it of its suffering. About the same time farmer Ad. Krumrine lost a valuable brood mare, that had just become a mother, from arterial stricture. Its death was sudden.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Himes came down from Altoona for a few days outing among friends at Baileyville and State College.

J. H. Everts and wife are over from the Iron City for a week's outing among their legion of friends in and nearby town. Herman has recently had an increase of 10 per cent and with the $5 per day he was already drawing down he ought to be able to keep the wolf from the door.

Ed. Burchfield, a former Pine Grove Mills lad, now one of Altoona's representative citizens, greeted old friends in the valley for a few days last week. He is a son of the late Judge Burchfield and is a chip off the old block. He is engaged in the butchering business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Walls are mourning the death of their infant son, John, who died last Friday and was buried in Meek's cemetery Saturday morning by the side of its little brother who passed away two years ago.

John Johnson, a prosperous farmer of near Marengo, fell through a loose flooring in his new straw shed to the hard ground below. His spinal column was fractured. Drs. Houser and Watson, the attending physicians, have but little hope for his recovery. For the past four years his eyesight has been somewhat impaired and he failed to notice that the flooring in the straw shed was out of repair. He has the sympathy of the entire community. All who know him hold him in high esteem and earnestly hope for his recovery.

Curtin.

Miss Myra Prince and Miss Mary Crossmyer were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday.

Mrs. Pearl Kline, Edith Bathurst and Mrs. Orlanda Bryan visited at the home of Miss Edna Roger, at Runville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clements and children, of Zion, visited at the home of Mrs. Edward Bryan, on Sunday.

Mrs. Elsie Boughmaster, of Lock Haven, and son, LeRoy, visited the latter's father, Edward Spear, who is on the sick list, but we are glad to say he has improved.

Miss Helen Valentine and Miss Elizabeth Merriman visited their friend Miss Catharine Curtin, one day last week.

Mrs. Jennie Curtin, who has been visiting her son Latimer, at Curwensville, returned home on Sunday.

Philip McCartney, of Fairview, visited at the home of Mrs. William Prince, on Sunday.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment For eczems, any skin itching. 50 a box

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Snow Shoe

Mrs. Stringler, of Evanston, Ill., is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Burnley, at the Methodist parsonage.

John Almeshy, a married miner, who works at the Lehigh mines, number 22, was injured by the premature explosion of dynamite shot Thursday afternoon. It is supposed the injured man was recharging, after a shot had failed, without drawing the charge properly. Several of his fingers were partly amputated and he sustained other injuries about the head. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital where he is expected to recover.

The delegates who were sent from the Sunday schools of this place and its vicinity to the annual conference at Centre Hall, May 23rd, were as follows: Superintendent Robert and Beatrice Kisling, from the Methodist Sunday school; Mrs. James Harvey, Bernice Hall and Robert Hall, of the Presbyterian Sunday school; Cecil Watson, of the Methodist school at Clarence; Earl and Margaret Fye, of the Presbyterian Sunday school, at Moshannon.

William Malone and his sister, Blanche, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Malone.

Rapid progress is being made on the new Pastime theatre building, Louis Menchio, proprietor. The new structure is handsomely built of brick, 80 by 28 feet, one-story in height. It will be one of the most complete buildings of its kind in this section of the country. Its completion is expected about July 1st.

Mrs. Harry Reiser spent a few days with friends in Bellefonte recently.

Mrs. A. J. Harm and daughter, Marion, returned home after visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Wells, at Renovo.

Mrs. Joseph Shope, of Bellefonte, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lebkicher, of this place.

Meese Consaullis and sister, Mrs. Anna Laden, and son, Meese, are visiting friends and relatives in Snow Shoe.

Stacy Howell, a student of Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn., has come home to spend his summer vacation. Work has been abandoned at the institution on account of the great war.

The circumstances connected with the recent death of William M. Russell, a brother of James Russell, of this place, indicated there is a difference in mining in that section from the way it is done here. Mr. Russell, a member of the firm operating the Bull Moose mine, at Hartford, Ark., was killed by a mine fall at the depth of 2,100 feet. The victim of the accident was highly esteemed in this community where he had resided for fourteen years.

A meeting of the newly organized Red Cross society was held in Community Hall on Friday evening, Mrs. W. C. Snyder presiding. The organization now numbers about fifty members. They hope to raise five hundred dollars to be used for the benefit of the soldiers of the United States and its Allies. A benefit entertainment, with war pictures and patriotic music, is being arranged for at the Pastime theatre. The next meeting will be held in Kelly Brothers office building.

Boalsburg.

Irvin Johnson spent some time with Mrs. Johnson at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. A. Woods.

Mrs. Foster Charles visited her sister, Mrs. Thomas Smith, at Centre Hall, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brooks, Christine and David Weaver, of Pleasant Gap, spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fry, of Philadelphia, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kaup.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and children, of Huntingdon, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Jackson's sister, Mrs. Henry Hosterman, from Saturday until Sunday.

W. H. Stuart transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Zerby, of State College, and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mayes, of Milton, attended the funeral of Sara Gingerich.

Mr. and Mrs. William Twigg and daughter, Ruth, of Curwensville; Mrs. Heath and son John, and Mrs. Balph, of Sandy Ridge; Mrs. Beck and grandson, Edward Burchfield, of Altoona, George, David and Reuben Stuart, of Pittsburgh, attended the funeral of Harry Stuart last Thursday.

Paul Rupp, of Pitcairn, came to his home here on Tuesday where he will visit for a short time.

Mrs. Daniel Mothersbaugh and son, of Aaronsburg, spent Saturday afternoon at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Mrs. Henry Reitz is visiting friends at Sunbury and nearby places.

Mrs. Alice McGirk and daughter, of Bellefonte, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Dale here.

Mrs. H. C. Rothrock and son Harry, of Port Matilda, are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Harold Coxey.

Miss Helen Coxey and friend, Miss Abbyss, of Tyrone, visited the former's mother, Mrs. Nannie Coxey here.

Mrs. Charles Segner spent Wednesday of last week in Bellefonte.

The graduation exercises of the Boalsburg High school, held last Thursday evening was very well attended. The graduates delivered their parts very ably. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and roses.

Port Matilda.

Miss Helen Thompson made a trip to Tyrone last week.

Jacob Woodring made a business trip to Bellefonte last week.

W. W. Shultz made a business trip to Tyrone Thursday.

Rev. Prentice, of Milesburg, was in town Monday evening.

Benson Weston, of Gallitzin, is visiting relatives in town.

Belle Spotts has left for Eagleville.

Miss Clara K. Meyers, of LaGrande, Oregon, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shultz last week.

Rev. Boord, of Vail, and Rev. Hall, of Oregon, gave an illustrated lecture on Colportage work in Oregon Monday evening in the Baptist church. Both men are associated with the American Baptist Publication Society.

Mrs. William Bennett left Saturday for Youngstown, Ohio, where she will spend a couple of weeks with her son, Harold.

M. T. Weaver made a business trip to Cleveland last week.

The reorganization of the Port Matilda Welfare Association will be held in the Presbyterian church June 4th.

Misses Lydia Shope and Anna Shroyer, of Milesburg, spent Monday evening with Mrs. M. C. Shope.

Mrs. Cornelius Brugger and daughter, Martha, Rose and Mary Lansbery, of Unionville, visited Mrs. W. W. Shultz last week.

Edward Eller, wife and son, Kenneth, Gilbert Eller and family and W. A. Bennet attended the funeral of William Eller, at Newry on Sunday.

Mrs. Bruce Johnsonbaugh and children have returned to their home in Akron, after spending a couple weeks with Mrs. Gilbert Eller.

Death of Mrs. Mary Kline.

Mrs. Mary Kline, wife of Willis Kline, of Cleveland, Ohio, died very suddenly at the home of her brother, William Rockey, at Tusseyville, where she had been a visitor for three weeks. While there she contracted a cold which terminated in pneumonia, and despite the medical aid and the help of her friends she passed into the great beyond. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rockey, and had she lived until December she would have been 59 years of age. She was raised near Tusseyville and thirty-seven years ago was united in marriage to Willis Kline. Some time afterward the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Kline was possessed with a very lovely disposition and her friends greatly regretted her passing away. She was a devoted member of the Methodist church. Deceased is survived by her husband and four children, Earl Kline, Mrs. Conrad Shaffer, Ruth and Verna, all of Cleveland. She is also survived by the following brothers and sisters. William Rockey, Tusseyville; Ross, California; Mrs. Samuel Jordon and Mrs. John Davis, Lewistown; Mrs. John Orr, Rock River, Ohio. The remains passed through Bellefonte Monday and were taken to Cleveland, Ohio, where the funeral and interment services were held.

John Dugan Dead.

John Dugan a veteran of the Civil war who was quite well known in Bellefonte, especially among the old soldiers, died at his home in South Altoona, at 4.15 o'clock Sunday morning, of Bright's disease after an illness of several months. Deceased was born in Philadelphia on August 18, 1843, and had resided most of his life at Farmers Mills, Centre County. He went to Altoona four years ago and was th last of a family of soldiers. He enlisted in 1863 at Philadelphia as a private in Company K, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers and was discharged January 31, 1864. He is survived by his wife and seven children: Mrs. Emma Deitrick, Bellefonte; E. Dugan, Waddle; Simon, Pleasant Gap; Mrs. John Zemerick, Colyer; W. D., Bellefonte, and John and Charles, of Altoona. He was a member of the Evangelical church of Farmers Mills. Funeral services were conducted Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the house by Rev. W. Graham Walker, and on Tuesday morning the remains were brought to Bellefonte, where interment was made at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Mrs. J. E. Way Dead.

Mrs. Joanna Euphemia Way, wife of Jacob Elmer Way, of Waddle, this county, died at the home of her son, C. E. Way, Altoona, at 7.30 o'clock last Thursday morning of cancer. Deceased was born on June 20th, 1849, the daughter of David and Mary Parsons. She was united in marriage in 1867 to Jacob Elmer Way and to this union six children were born, three of whom survive, C. E. Way, at whose home she died; J. I. Way, Altoona, and Mrs. Jessie Jones, of Winber. She is also survived by three sisters and one brother, Mrs. Nettie Beckwith, of Mount Pleasant; Mrs. Amelia Long, Philipsburg; Mrs. Margaret Dunlap, Columbus, O., and J. F. Parsons, of Springfield. Brief funeral services were held Thursday evening at 8 o'clock by Rev. J. H. Bridigum, of the Third United Brethren church. Friday the remains were taken to Waddle where services were held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the United Brethren church, of which she was a member. Interment was made at Waddle.

Death of Harry Irvin.

Harry Irvin, of Pittsburgh, died suddenly last Thursday at a hospital in that city following an operation. At the time his mother, Mrs. Sarah H. Irvin, was visiting in Bellefonte at the home of her sister, Mrs. Robert Irvin, on north Spring street. On hearing the sad news she departed for her home in Altoona, Friday, accompanied by Mrs. Robert Irvin. The deceased was a son of the late Alderman John J. Irvin, of Altoona, who spent his younger days in Bellefonte. Harry Irvin was 43 years of age and resided in Altoona a greater part of his life. He was a vocalist of considerable talent. Besides his mother he is survived by a wife, one daughter, Marguerite, and one brother, Samuel L. Irvin, of Altoona. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at Altoona where the remains were taken for burial.

Death of Henry Williams.

Henry Williams, of Beech Creek, a brother of the late George Williams who, prior to his death, clerked in Hazel Bros. grocery store, Bellefonte, died suddenly early Friday morning from apoplexy. He went down stairs and made the fire and returned to his bed room when he fell over dead. He was 68 years of age and one of the best known men in that locality. He was an honorable, upright man in all his dealings and was highly respected by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife and a son, Clarence. Deceased is also survived by a brother and sister, William Williams, Ceader Springs, Clinton county, and Mrs. O. E. Hall, Champaign, Ill. He was an uncle of Miss Helen Williams, stenographer for McCalmont & Co. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

W. Scott Crain to A. R. Woodring, tract in Worth Twp.; $1.

H. E. Holtzworth, et al, to Clarence A. Houtz, tract in Union Twp.; $3300.

J. E. Ertle, et al, to Harry Long, trac in Gregg Twp.; $600.

Chas. G. Avery, et ux, to Howard A. Vail, tract in Philipsburg; $3500.

Alice J. Dietz, et ux, to Mary A. Pheasant, tract in Howard Twp.; $75.

Chas. G. Aver, et ux, to Ida Stonebraker, tract in Philipsburg; $850.

George W. Pfoutz, et ux, to Elmer E. Sharpless, tract in Rush Twp.; $100.

Jonathan W. Packer to Herman Koch, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1800.

Margaret C. Gates to Lycoming Silica Sand Co., tract in Howard Twp.; $1200.

J. M. Heinle, et ux, to Fairfield Nat. Bank, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1.

James R. Pierpont to Thos. R. Pierpont, et al, tract in Bellefonte; $1.

Centre County Road Funds.

Centre county's proportionate share of the proposed road appropriation will be $57,410.09 for State-aid roads and $273,859.52 for State Highways. The local authorities must add $37,410.09 to the State-aid appropriation to make it available. With this addition, the total amount applicable to Centre county roads, under the terms of the bill now pending would be $368,679.70. This allotment has been carefully worked out by State Highway Commissioner Black and Chief Engineer Uhler, at Harrisburg.

Any cut made in the proposed appropriation would mean a corresponding reduction in the amount available in Centre county. Should the items carried in the bill be reduced one half, Centre county would lose $174 329.85 for its roads in the next two years.

Change of Firm Name.

The wholesale grocery firm of the Lauderbach-Barber Co., established in Philipsburg some years ago, and now having branches in DuBois, Punxsutawney, Clearfield, Bellefonte and Indiana, has changed its name to the Lauderbach-Zerby Co. The Barber interests, connected with the firm since its organization, have retired and R. H. Zerby, of Philipsburg, who has long been identified with the corporation, becomes an active member.

The success attending this concern has been very marked, and greater things are said to be in store for it in the future outlook. Not only from the number of persons employed, but in other ways, this enterprise has been of great benefit to Philipsburg and the towns in which branches are located.

Loyal Temperance Legion Contest.

The L. T. L. last Saturday carried out a medal contest which was a credit to the members. Miss Hazel Gunsaulus won the medal and Miss Alice Davis received honorable mention. The five others in the contest were Mildred Gunsaulus, Eva Gordon, Sarah Minnemyer, Mabel Poorman and Ethel Bottorf, making it no easy task for the judges. Miss Lois Lois Foreman won the medal at a previous contest. Mrs. H. F. Carson who had the contest in charge thanked the audience and the judges for their co. operation, making appreciative mention of the press and school authorities.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Save Your Woolen Goods

Red Cedar Flakes

Will keep them perfect---Only 15 cents per package at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores.

A TIMELY APPEAL.

County Y. W. C. A. Urges Citizens Not to Overlook Local Institutions.

At this time when unusual appeals are coming to all loyal citizens for the support of special work necessitated by the war, there is danger of forgetting our customary duties and obligations. Merchants and manufacturers are warning us of the necessity of keeping on with regular business and of avoiding hysterical economy; and the same advice seems timely regarding religious, philanthropic and charitable work.

While we are listening to the piteous cries of the orphans of Europe, let us not forget the children of Center county. In responding to the call of the Red Cross Society or of the Y. M. C. A. in the military camps, we should not withdraw support from our local churches nor forget the first aid work needed in our own communities.

One much needed phase of "first aid" work in Centre county which seems in danger of being neglected at this time is the County Y. W. C. A. Although this has been organized but a year and a-half, it has a membership of 300, with clubs or branches in 11 different places. No other organization has come into the county which has made so broad an appeal to all of the young women and girls, not only in the towns, but in the scattered rural communities. Nevertheless, the work cannot continue unless its financial support is assured. In order to carry it on, the services of the General Secretary must be retained, to continue and to enlarge the work to meet calls which are coming from other parts of the county.

Is any work more needed in this time of national crisis than that which contributes to the welfare of the young women and children of our community? Is military preparation more important than the preparedness of mind, body and soul which shall make the womanhood of our county equal to their tasks and responsibilities during and following this great war? Will not the patriotic men and women of this county respond to this call and by their contributions make possible the continuance of this much needed work?

Mrs. G. G. Pond, Chairman of Finance.
Miss Bertha Lourie, Treasurer.
Miss Sara C. Lovejoy, Vice-President.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25c and 50c at all stores.

Read The Republican. $1.50 in advance.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger deceased.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger, late of Rebersburg Centre County, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned residing in Carlisle Pa. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate will make payment immediately, and those having claims against the estate will present them for settlement to.

J. D. HEMMINGER.
EXECUTOR.
CARLISLE, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Sharer.

Letters of administration on the estate of Christian Sharer, deceased, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to R. H. Gilbert, Esq., Tyrone, Pa.

EVE SHARER
CALVIN M. SHARER
Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George E. Knarr, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above named estate, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

GETTIG & BOWER, Attorneys, Bellefonte, Pa.
ROSA B. KNARR, Executrix, Blanchard, Pa.

Stockholders' Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Centre Building & Loan Association for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and transacting such other business that comes before them, will be held in the office of the Bellefonte Trust Co., Friday evening, June 8th, 1917, at 8 o'clock.

CHARLES F. COOK,
Secretary.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—1 good gasoline lighting system. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

MONEY—Money to loan, Houses for rent and real estate for sale.
J. M. KEICHLINE
Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.
T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS—A live representative wanted for Bellefonte and vicinity to sell a newly patented office devise that every business man wants. Sells for $1.00; ½ profits. Free sample to workers. Write now. Meilicke Co., 351 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

Farms for Sale

63 acres, 3 miles from Juniata, good buildings, stock, crops, and machinery for only $5,000.

75 acres, near Grafton, fair buildings, good fruit of all kinds, stock and machinery for $3,500.

113 acres near Spruce Creek, good buildings, orchard, 20 acres wheat, hay and straw for $6,300, cash $3,000.

204 acres, 104 clear, 5½ miles from Huntingdon, good buildings, good timber, orchard, for $5,500, cash $3,000.

126 acres, 1½ miles from paved streets of city, good buildings of all kinds, spring water, fruit, for $9,500, cash $5,000; will exchange for west side property.

147 acres, near Brooks Mills good buildings, good orchard, for $9,500 part cash.

141 acres, 4 miles north of Petersburg, fair buildings, good orchard, for $4,500.

140 acres, ½ mile from McConnelstown, good buildings, timber, fruit, near all level for $5,500, half cash.

143 acres, 2 miles from Roaring Spring, fair buildings, 2 good orchards, $7,500, cash $2,500.

178 acres, 75 clear, 2 miles from Mapleton, good buildings, for $5,500, cash $3,500.

130 acres, 1½ miles from Bellwood, fair buildings, old and young orchard, for $4,700, cash $1,800, possession in 30 days.

260 acres, 2 miles from Spruce Creek, good outbuildings, 2 orchards, level, running water, for $12,750, half cash.

120 acres, 2 miles from Petersburg, good buildings, good orchard, spring water, for $4,000.

153 acres, 2 miles from McConnelstown, good buildings, orchard, level, for $4,500, cash $2,500.

100 acres, 3 miles from Alexandria, good buildings, good orchard, water in house for $3,500, cash $2,000.

Write us your wants. We have many large and small farms for sale; also city property. We option and sell farms, timber lands, city property lots or anything in real estate.

Altoona Real Estate Brokers

Rooms 30 and 31, Goldschmid Building
11th Ave. and 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
R. C. CORRELL - - J. S. BAYER
Bell phone, 1644

A Crop of Potatoes

It Was Connected With a Romance.

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the time approached for our going to our modest country home for the summer I had just parted with my fifth servant in as many months. I concluded to advertise for another. I wrote out a tempting description of the place, expatiating on the delicious country air and mentioning that the house stood in a four acre lot.

I received just one reply. A few days after the issue of the advertisement a girl came to see me who said that she was looking for a situation. She was very plainly dressed, but there was an air about her that did not accord with her attire. She did not seem so interested in the wages I proposed to pay as in the place where she was to spend the summer. She asked me if there was room for a kitchen garden, adding that she would like to try her hand at raising vegetables. When I informed her that she could have all the land she could plant, that the soil was excellent and had never grown anything but grass, she accepted the position, but on condition that she might be permitted to go to the place by the middle of April in order to get her planting done in season. It was not my intention to go to the country before the 1st of May.

Margaret, my new maid, agreed to fill her position in my household for the few weeks remaining till she was to depart for the country. She came one day at noon and cooked the dinner. I had told my husband that I had secured a prize, and when he saw Margaret and ate the dinner she had prepared he admitted that I was right in my assumption.

"But I fear," he said, "that she will be above her work. She is evidently not of the servant class. I can't exactly make out to what class she belongs; but, from her personality, leaving out the fact that she is a servant, I would place her well up in the social scale. I don't believe she will be satisfied to remain long with you."

"If she plants a garden she will have to remain with me," I replied, "till she has gathered her crop."

Margaret showed no disposition to be dissatisfied with her work so long as we were in the city nor, for that matter, ever displayed such dissatisfaction. True, I treated her with more consideration than I had ever treated a servant before. But she did not exact such consideration and was always perfectly respectful to me, though she never addressed me as "ma'am." It was always "Yes, Mrs. Ackerman," and "No, Mrs. Ackerman."

On the 15th of April my maid left me for the country. I supposed that she would fear to sleep alone in the house, but she said she might have a sister with her some of the time, with my permission. This I of course granted. We missed the delightful meals Margaret prepared for us, for she was the best cook I ever knew. I was glad when the time came to follow her, though my husband said that if she were to make a farmer of herself she would deteriorate as a cook.

When I reached my cottage I found Margaret domesticated. She was alone, her sister having gone away the day before my arrival. What was my surprise to see two-thirds of the ground laid out for a garden and a few sprouts here and there. I asked Margaret who had turned over the ground, and she said she had hired a farmer in the neighborhood to plow it and a friend of hers had leveled it. She had done the rest herself.

"What have you planted, Margaret?" I asked.

"I have put in a variety in that corner," she said, pointing, "for your table; the rest has been given up to potatoes."

"Potatoes!" I exclaimed. "What do you propose to do with so many potatoes?"

"Sell them. You see, Mrs. Ackerman, that the world's war is reducing the earth's products. Not only will this tend to raise the price of food, but speculators will make this an excuse to hoard their products, which will greatly enhance the market value. I have put in this crop on speculation."

I was astonished. A servant girl had secured a situation that brought with it a piece of ground and had used it to enter upon a speculation. Her action was predicated upon sound reasoning and business principles. My husband's prediction that I would find her above her business was true in one respect, but false in another. She knew her place as a servant, but was competent to act in a far wider field.

As the weather warmed the vegetables in Margaret's garden came up, and since both the soil and the weather were admirably fitted for the growth of potatoes there was every prospect of her securing a fine crop. The stalks were not too luxuriant, and Margaret said she did not fear that the crop would be mostly stalk with few potatoes. The corner that she had planted for our private use gave us such a variety of vegetable food as one could enjoy.

And this corner was of especial satisfaction to us because by midsummer Margaret's calculations on prices had begun to show themselves correct. We could not buy vegetables even from the farmers about us at prices we could afford to pay, and, as for potatoes, when the old year's stock had given out one would have been obliged to go without them had we not bought the few we needed from Margaret.

When the summer was drawing to an end a man drove up in a wagon one morning and asked if Margaret Sayles was in. Margaret was out in the garden, and I sent him there. Later I saw him digging the potatoes, putting them in gunny sacks and loading them on to the wagon. I did not notice the man's appearance particularly, but he wore a slouch felt hat and a pair of overalls. I don't know how many loads of potatoes he took away with him, but he was all day at the work.

That evening I asked Margaret how she was coming out on her crop. She said that she believed she would do very well, since potatoes were increasing in price every day. I replied that I was well aware of the fact, to my cost. She added that she had been solicited by the neighboring farmers to hold her property for a better price, but had declined. She did not believe in the principle and would risk losing all she had made. The price might drop and the potatoes might rot on her hands. I told her I thought she was wise.

We returned to the city on the 1st of September. Margaret continued to serve me faithfully till the end of the year, when she notified me that she expected to be married in the spring and would leave me whenever I had found another servant to suit me. Of course this was a great disappointment, but I had no blame for Margaret. I asked her whom she was to marry, and she told me her betrothed was the man who had carted away her potatoes, adding that he was a practical gardener.

When she told me this I was sorry that I had not more carefully noticed the man. I was a trifle disappointed that she was not to marry some one in a higher station, for both my husband and I clung to the idea that Margaret was fitted to fill almost any grade in social life. I asked a number of other questions about her betrothed, but she was as reticent about this as she had been about all matters pertaining to herself.

Margaret would not leave me till I had tried several persons to take her place. Finally I found a woman who was fairly satisfactory, and I insisted on parting with Margaret, for I knew that she wished to spend her time preparing for her wedding. I felt that I was losing a companion rather than a servant, and she seemed to have formed some attachment for me.

"Let me know when the wedding is to come off," I said.

"You will certainly receive an invitation," was her reply.

One morning in June it came. It was an engraved note stating that Mrs. Elihu Sayles would be pleased to see me at the wedding of her daughter, Margaret, at the residence of Mr. William Ferguson. There was nothing about it that bespoke the servant. Indeed, there was everything indicating that the parties concerned were of the better class.

On the day of the nuptials I drove up to the house of Mr. Ferguson, which I found on a first class residence street. Other vehicles were arriving, and those alighting were in costumes appropriate to a wedding in high life. There were perhaps fifty guests in all. At noon the couple took their position before the officiating clergyman, and in the groom, attired in a Prince Albert coat and gray trousers, I recognized the man who had carted away Margaret's potatoes. The bride was in traveling costume.

After the ceremony I passed the bride with the throng of guests, and her mother, saying that she would like to make me acquainted with her brother, Mr. Ferguson, took me to him. He beckoned me to follow him to another room and then and there explained the mystery of Margaret and her potato crop.

"If I were a young man seeking a helpmate," he said, "I should consider myself most fortunate if I could secure my niece Margaret. Her father brought her up in comfort, but practically. He considered the basis of a woman's education cookery and sent his daughter to a cooking school. He died a few years ago, and she has since, up to the time she went to you, made her living by some plan connected with cooking. She became engaged to the man she has just married a year ago. He has been studying agriculture and has just been graduated, but had no funds. Seeing your advertisement, it occurred to Margaret that by accepting a position with you she might secure the use of ground without cost on which to raise a crop. She sold her potatoes for $800, which is the capital on which the couple are to commence married life. Her husband will become scientific superintendent of a gentleman's farm at a good salary."

I was introduced to a number of Margaret's friends and relatives and found them all persons of refinement. Furthermore, they all spoke in the highest terms of her, not only praising her for her practical makeup, but especially commenting upon the absence in her of that false pride which prevents so many persons from accepting positions which are calculated to exclude them from social prestige. She did not hesitate to take a position which, though considered servile by the world, is perfectly honorable and furnished the key to fortune.

Margaret and her husband made a second step upward, occupying a cottage on the farm he managed, but it was not long before they had accumulated sufficient capital to buy a tract of land on which they planted fruit trees and eventually made a fortune.

There is nothing to be added to my story except that Margaret has become one of my most valued friends.

YOUNG OLD MEN.

Mental Ability Not Always Dulled by the Passing Years.

A generation ago it was customary to talk of those who had reached forty as of mature age. A man of those years is now considered young, and at sixty or seventy can have a brilliant future still ahead.

That our forefathers had no such conceptions of relative youthfulness can easily be shown. The constitution provided that no one should be eligible for election to the senate at an earlier age than thirty-five, the reasons advanced being that such a restriction was necessary in order to keep the senate made up of grave and reverend seigniors—elder statesmen, who would not be blown about with every veering wind of political doctrine. Today there is not a senator who is just barely beyond the age limit, and the great majority do not come into senatorial honors short of fifty and fifty-five.

Alexander Hamilton was a sedate secretary of the treasury at thirty-two. The younger Pitt became prime minister, first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer of England at twenty-four. Washington spoke of retirement from active life to well earned rest and leisure for his remaining years when still but forty-six.

In recent times we have had no presidents young in years by the former standards, unless Roosevelt be classed as an exception in connection with his first term of service. Even the popular novelists have sensed the change, now making their successful business men of forty or thereabouts attractive to the heart of the female reader. This is admittedly an age of young men, as has been claimed, but they are still young anywhere on the sunny side of seventy, and many of the most efficient have passed the three score mark.—Thomas F. Logan in Leslie's.

SUBMARINE MINES.

Explosive Power of These Coast and Harbor Defenses.

Not the least important weapon for defending our coasts and our harbors from the attacks of hostile warships is the submarine mine. Though it is perhaps the least ominous looking of naval defenses, if it is once hit by an invading warship its tremendous explosive power will sink the ship in less time than any other weapon could.

The shock of the striking vessel automatically explodes the mine, says the Popular Science Monthly, and the violently expanding gases from the powder crush in the hull of the ship in a twinkling.

Submarine mines are made of an outer casing of steel and an inner charge of high explosive. A separate chamber containing nothing but air gives the mine buoyancy. The mines are carried in small light draft boats to the positions previously mapped out. The boat simply drops the mines with their anchors overboard. When the cable is all paid out the buoyant mine will be floating about ten feet below the water's surface.

The mines lying far outside of a harbor contain their ignition system within themselves. This may be a number of percussion pins placed all around the outside of the mine. When a ship strikes one of these the heat of the impact ignites the powder instantly. Or an internal ignition system may be employed. When a ship hits the mine it rolls it over. This releases an iron ball which is ordinarily held in a small cup in the center of the mine. The ball falls out of the cup and pulls upon a string, releasing a trigger and firing off the charge.

Varieties of Sables.

Next to the Barguzin sables the best are the Yakutsk, then the Nikolai and the Kamchatka. This last type of fur is much liked by Americans who cannot afford the imperial sable, for it is a big animal with heavy fur, but the color is very light. The Parisian lady who cannot buy a Barguzin sable usually prefers the Amur, which is small, but of a bluish color. Chinese sables have thin and light colored fur, and the Hudson Bay sable, a kind of pine marten, is hardly a satisfactory substitute.—New York Times.

Spinach Paper.

According to a French horticulturist, M. de Noyer, spinach stems contain 46 per cent of cellulose. He claims to have actually made paper from the vegetable, following the methods of the Grenoble papermaking school. If the waste portions of spinach are used for this purpose he believes they will produce a most satisfactory writing paper, which will cost considerably less than the present high quality grades.—Popular Science Monthly.

Two Classes.

"Now, children, what is the earth inhabited by?"

"Human beings."

"Correct. And, Willie Stone, into what two grand divisions are all human beings divided?"

"Regular people and boobs."—Life.

Social Error.

"Mother, dear, what is economy?"

"Ethel, where on earth did you pick up that vulgar expression? Don't ever let me hear you use it again."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Indecision.

Oh, weakness and indecision of mind! If not yourselves vices, to how much of exquisite misery do you not sometimes pave the way!—Walter Scott.

Tea Chest Lining.

The Chinese use as an alloy for lining tea chests a metal foil consisting of 125 parts of lead and 18 parts of tin.

Two Scamps

How They Invaded a Woman's College.

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

"I say, Tom," said Jim Ruggles, "what do you say to a visit to the C. A. C. W.?"

"What's the C. A. C. W.?"

"The College For the Amelioration of the Condition of Women."

"What kind of college do you call that?"

"The intention is to educate young women on such lines that they may take the places of men in the higher departments of life—that is, legislators, judges, governors and, possibly, president of the United States."

"You excite my curiosity. I would like to see what kind of material they are molding for the purpose."

"Oh, that isn't what I wish to go there for. I want to see a girl I am sweet on. She has turned me down since she got the feminine craze, and there's nothing for me to do except to beard the lioness in her den."

"But do they allow men visitors at the college?"

"Oh, I understand that the college doors haven't any more objection to men than to women; but, of course, no college for women permits the undergraduates to receive young men whenever they like. We had better go as inspectors of the institution with a view to writing it up, thus advertising it and inducing others to found colleges for a similar purpose. I will palm myself off as a magazine writer. You might tell them that you are principal of a young ladies' seminary and desire to educate your pupils to fill the most exalted positions."

"That's all very well. But do you suppose they're going to be fooled into thinking that a man of my age would be trusted with the education of young girls?"

"You can make up for any age you like. Forty will do. Your premature baldness will help, and you can paint a few crow's feet at the corners of your eyes."

"Won't they spot the paint?"

"Not if it is carefully done, and I propose to make the visit after dark."

A few days later William Hargrave Spencer, the magazine writer, received in reply to a note he had written to the president of the C. A. C. W. an invitation to visit that institution and to bring with him Bryant Wotherspoon for an inspection of the institution.

On a certain evening the two gentlemen, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, appeared at the house of the president of the college and were received by her with consideration, she being greatly interested in getting free advertising for the institution. They had prepared a number of questions, which they asked, and made notes of the replies. After exhausting the subject Tom said:

"As principal of a young ladies' seminary I have found it possible to put my school in a favorable light to visitors. On one occasion I turned a visitor over to a committee of the girls, and the visitor afterward told me of certain irregularities that needed to be corrected. Since then I have always turned visitors over to others. May I suggest, without my motive being misconstrued, that Mr. Spencer and I be permitted to be shown over your institution by one or two of your undergraduates?"

The president acquiesced, though not with a good grace in this, and two young ladies were assigned to the duty. One of them assumed the lead, acting as spokesman and giving a lecture as she passed along with the inspectors. She was not a beauty, but was admirably fitted for what she was doing. The other girl had evidently been selected at haphazard. Jim was busy concocting questions that she could not answer—nor could any one else, for that matter—with a view to getting rid of her. This put her in a bad humor, when Tom said to her:

"Have you an undergraduate of the name of Bertha Griswold in your institution?"

"We have."

"She is a graduate of my seminary."

"Would you like to see her?"

"I would."

"The young lady went away to call Miss Griswold, and while she was gone there was an animated and hurried dialogue between Tom and the remaining girl. He explained the situation to her and told her that Miss Griswold and Jim had been spoons. Miss Wharton, the girl to whom Tom confessed, declared that she would not be a party to the deception, and the boys were fearful that they were on the eve of exposure, but when the girl who had left them returned with Miss Griswold Miss Wharton held her tongue. Miss Griswold recognized Jim the moment she saw him, but there was no disposition on her part to give him away.

"Laura," said the girl who had brought her, "I will turn these gentlemen over to you to be informed of anything they desire to know."

"I'll do what I can for them," was the demure reply.

The four who remained moved on for the inspection, Jim with Laura Griswold, Tom with Luella Wharton. Professors and undergraduates were there, and there was no opportunity for anything except the parts they were playing. Miss Wharton at first looked disgruntled at the part she was constrained to play, but a humorous remark on the part of Tom brought a smile to her face, and after that she came to enjoy the prank. As for Laura Griswold, she was disposed to be angry with her lover, but neither wished nor dared to expose him.

But there is nothing like daring to please a woman, and while Laura was explaining what the magazine writer and the principal of a young ladies' seminary came to see both girls were falling in with the spirit of the escapade.

"This room," said Miss Griswold, "is intended for the especial use of those undergraduates who are ambitious to sit on the bench."

"How about a sofa or easy chair?" asked Jim in a low voice.

"Wait. We'll come to that by and by," replied Laura under her breath.

"This room," continued Laura, "is occupied by a class that is studying the constitutional history of England."

She opened the door, and the young men were permitted to look in the room, where they saw a woman professor on a dais lecturing to a number of young women. Between the opening and the shutting of the door these words were heard:

"Up to the time of the accession of George IV. England had been a constitutional monarchy, the sovereign being usually a crackbrained man. Under the contemptible Georges it gradually changed into a virtual republic. But its most glorious half century was under the rule of that greatest of all its sovereigns, a woman, Victoria."

When the door was closed Tom suggested that "now England had got another George it had fallen into a relapse."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Laura Griswold. "Since Victoria there has been no need of a sovereign. Victoria taught the English people to govern themselves. That's something no man could do."

"Women are our natural governors," remarked Jim.

The party emerging on to the campus, Jim asked:

"What's that building with a dome on it?"

"That's the astronomical observatory."

"We must see that, of course," said Tom.

"The night being cloudy, no observations can be made. There's no one there to receive us," said Laura.

"Well, now," said Jim, "that's just the reason for our going there. I must have a look at Venus."

"Shut up, Jim," said Tom. "If any of the dons heard that remark the result would be serious."

The party were some time passing over the campus, for they were comparatively free from observation, but the boys hoped for greater privacy in the observatory, so they ascended to the dome. Laura turned on a light, thus giving a view of the telescope. There Jim and Laura went out on to the roof for a conference, leaving the other two where they were.

While the couples were separated Miss Euphemia Marston, the astronomer, seeing a light in the dome of the observatory, mounted the staircase leading to it, and, since a woman's shoes are not usually noisy, she was not heard by the inmates until she had entered the room. Tom and Luella fortunately were sitting in close communion behind the stone pier on which the telescope rested, and the lady did not see them. Going to a box of eyepieces, she was bending over it, unmindful of their presence. Tom gave a cough, and the professor, straightening up, looked around. Luella advanced and, somewhat ill at ease, told Miss Marston that she was showing the telescope to a visitor.

The lady received Tom with courtesy and entered into a long explanation of the different parts of the instrument.

Meanwhile Jim and Laura had heard the conversation in the dome and learned of the approach of the astronomer. The professor's presence, with Jim and Laura being out on the roof, was not without danger, and Laura did not know whether to put on a bold front and enter the dome or wait for the astronomer's withdrawal. Thinking that Miss Marston would not remain long, she adopted the latter course.

But the astronomer found Tom so appreciative of her explanation of the parts of the telescope and its general uses that she showed no disposition to leave. Then Laura and Tom were horrified to see a rift in the clouds and the moon appear. If the astronomer saw the moonlight she would lift the shutter of the dome and make observations.

"I have it," said Jim, and, taking off his coat, he held it against the only window in the dome that the moonlight would shine through.

But his game did not work. Suddenly the shutter was lifted and the dome began to turn.

"I'll have to go down from the outside," said Jim, and, finding a corner, by the help of a water spout and some intervening window ledges he reached the ground. Then Laura went into the dome.

When the party descended and had separated from the astronomer Jim joined them, and since it was getting late they felt constrained to return to the president's quarters. Jim, after thanking the head of the college for the attention he and his friend had been shown, wound up with a flourish in this statement:

"I am glad to say that the young ladies who have shown us over your institution have assured us that there is nothing in its appointments or management that can be improved upon. They are simply perfect."

The article Jim was to write never appeared. Both the men found wives in the girls who had been their guides.

METAL FILLINGS IN TEETH.

The Use of Different Materials Does Not Cause Electrolysis.

Among dentists there is a difference of opinion as to whether the filling of two cavities in one tooth with different metals—one with mercury amalgam, one with gold, for instance—will cause rapid decay of the tooth through electrolytic action between the two metals.

The matter was submitted to the editor of the Electrical Review, who replies that if the amalgam is thoroughly mixed there is no danger of electrolysis, but that if the mercury be not properly incorporated in the mass chemical action is quite likely to follow. He says that he and a dentist experimented with voltaic piles made of gold and amalgam, with blotters wet with sodium chloride and later with acetic acid, and when the amalgam had been properly mixed they were unable to measure any electrolytic action.

When decay does follow in such cases, he says, it is due not to electrolytic but to chemical action. This causes disintegration of the filling, and, of course, as soon as this has begun the acids of the mouth and the juices of the food can penetrate to the unprotected surface of the cavity and start further decay. And this takes place irrespective of whether or not gold has been used near by.

IT'S AN ILL WIND.

When It Comes Out of the East It Bears an Evil Repute.

No one has a good word for the east wind. In whatever part of the world it blows it is of ill repute, and this evil name began in old times.

At least one of the plagues of Egypt came on the wings of the east wind. "The Lord brought an east wind upon the land * * * and when it was morning the east wind brought the locusts." "Thou, Lord, breakest the ships off Tarshish with an east wind," cries the psalmist. "I will scatter them as with an east wind before the enemy" was the word concerning Judah that came to Jeremiah from the Lord. "Thus saith the Lord God" of Jerusalem, according to Ezekiel: "Shall it not utterly wither when the east wind toucheth it?" "And the east wind dried up her fruit," says the same authority, speaking again of Jerusalem.

Thus the stigma has come down the centuries. "Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains," a modern poet calls it.

Good old Izaak Walton knew its malefic influence when he wished, for the honest angler, that the east wind might never blow when he went fishing.—Indianapolis News.

Animal Sentries.

Man is not alone in using sentries to guard him from danger. Birds and animals have been doing this for countless ages. Every gunner who knows anything about hunting geese is familiar with the fact that if he is to be successful he must always evade the wild goose picket.

Most birds that congregate in flocks, particularly in winter, always put a picket on guard. The golden plover is an example of this. The British starlings conduct their movements on military lines.

The beaver always posts a picket on guard, and that probably accounts for the reason that so few are ever seen, although their work is much in evidence. Sentries of the wild are often killed "doing their bit."—New York Sun.

Evidence Required.

The editor of the local paper believed that he was doing a kindly act by suppressing from the list of "drunk and disorderly" on market day the name of a country subscriber that by rights belonged there. The subscriber, however, did not regard the omission as a favor.

"I suppressed your name for your wife's sake," the editor politely explained.

"Well, that's the awkward part of it," the farmer said, "for, not seeing my name among the rest, she won't believe I came to town at all."—New York Times.

Her Self Sacrifice.

"She's awfully self sacrificing."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, she stayed at home from church Sunday to sit up with a sick woman."

"Huh! She isn't a regular churchgoer. I don't see anything self sacrificing in that."

"You don't? But, my dear, she had a new gown and a new hat that had just arrived Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

East and West.

A trifle of a trinket for his women folk is the only saving as an insurance for the poor against famine and starvation for a rainless day, a native writes in the Times of India. Kipling was right. East is east and west is west.—London Punch.

Its Chief Merit.

Clara—I don't see why you liked that group picture of our society. It wasn't particularly good of you. Isabelle—I know it, but it was so perfectly horrid of that conceited Miss Gushing.

Easily Mended.

"I thought you broke your engagement?"

"I did, but I've had it—er—reset."—Browning's Magazine.

Usual Thing.

She—The moon is under a cloud. He (bitterly) — Everybody is who gets down to the last quarter.—Baltimore American.

INSURANCE LODGE ACT IS FAVORED

Passage of Crow Bill Now Looks Certain.

WOULD AFFECT THOUSANDS

State Insurance Department Seeks Supervision Over All Non-Secret and Non-Religious Fraternal Insurance Societies.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 29.—It looks as if the Crow fraternal benefit societies bill will go through both branches of the legislature and become a law by signature of the governor. Though a strong effort has been made to kill this measure, or, at least, remove its teeth, the probability now is that all such attempts will meet with failure. The bill is scheduled to pass within the next ten days.

Affecting as it does the thousands of members of fraternal non-secret lodges throughout Pennsylvania, no proposed act before the present legislature seems to carry with it more importance than this measure introduced in the session by Senator Crow at the instance of the state department of insurance.

This bill is designed to provide a specific method for the operation of societies working through lodge system and fixing a plan of operation so that all such societies can absolutely carry out every contract. It was drafted by a committee of the national convention of insurance commissioners in conjunction with a committee of the national fraternal congress of the United States, to which association practically every recognized fraternal society is a member. A number of representative fraternal societies of Pennsylvania have also given it their indorsement.

The proposed law requires all fraternal insurance organizations to be under the direct supervision of the state insurance department, provides a new and comprehensive method of organizing new societies, and requires that all societies shall gradually adjust their rates on a table of mortality which has been adopted by the national fraternal congress itself. This is not required to be done at once, but each society is given a period of time within which to accomplish this, a certain percentage of improvement being required each year until solvency is obtained.

No Supervision Now.

The present laws applicable to fraternal societies give the state insurance department no supervision whatever over them. Any five persons can apply to the court and obtain a charter which will enable them to operate without supervision from the department here, or societies from other states can, by merely applying for registration, transact business in the state without supervision.

According to Insurance Commissioner O'Neill most of the insurance trouble at the present time is due to the fact that fraternal societies have been operating without being subject to any supervision, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been lost to policy holders through mismanagement. In the majority of cases the only recourse the families of the deceased members of the organizations have is the amount of benefits agreed to be paid them under their policies, and if the society is not solvent, these families are left without any support.

Secret and religious societies are exempt from the provisions of the bill. It is aimed at purely fraternal insurance societies.

Tax on Capital Stock.

Legislative leaders have decided to abandon the bills to lay a tax on anthracite and bituminous coal, petroleum and natural gas. Instead, the bills calling for a direct inheritance tax and imposing a 1 per cent tax on the capital stock of manufacturing corporations, are scheduled to go through. It is estimated that these two acts will net the state an additional revenue of about $10,000,000.

Northeastern legislators interested in the tax on anthracite and the benefit that would accrue locally by the return of one-half the income, have started an agitation to have the tax imposed merely for two years. This, it is believed, will greatly aid the critical cave-in conditions in Lackawanna county. According to a reliable source, a compromise such as this, that is, a two years' tax instead of a permanent tax, is not unacceptable to the forces handling the new revenue problem.

Defeat of the coal tax in the senate committee is laid to the objection of the bituminous operators, who say the state tax will impose restrictions upon Pennsylvania bituminous that will not be laid upon this commodity produced in other states. They are said to be content to have the coal taxed for two years, because of the present scarcity of the product and the probability that the present record prices will continue for that period.

The senate last week passed the house bill amending the judges retirement act so as to provide that any judge of the supreme or superior court who has served twenty years shall be entitled to receive the benfits of the act whether his services are continuous or not and extending the act to common pleas and orphans' court judges who have served continuously for twenty years and have reached the age of sixty-five years.

DISCOURAGE ALL RADICAL BILLS

That Seems Policy of Present Legislature.

AGAINST REVOLUTIONARY ACTS

Speaker Baldwin One of Those Who is Opposed to Passage of Such Legislation in a Critical Period Like Present—Presiding Officer Has Courage.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 29.—With the end of the session hardly more than a month off, though the date of adjournment has not yet been definitely set. Both branches of the legislature are steaming up. Appropriation bills calling for millions are through the house and in the senate committee, from which they will be reported probably the latter part of the present week.

SPEAKER RICHARD J. BALDWIN.

The 1917 legislature will leave behind it a record of fewer revolutionary laws than any previous state law-making body. Though many bills calling for radical changes in the present order of things have been introduced it is doubtful if any will ever reach the governor. Throughout the session it would seem that the aim of the leaders has been to discourage any and every attempt to further upset the people in a period like the present. Measures that would revolutionize existing acts and, thereby, affect the people by adding to their burdens have been frowned upon by those directing legislative affairs with the result that the 1917 session will be remembered not so much for what it did, but what it refused to do in the way of hamstringing and interfering with the people of the state during a war crisis.

Doing Much Good.

It must not be understood, however, that the legislature now sitting is one of non-performances. On the contrary, there are evidences every day of the enactment of those necessary things that will aid the commonwealth and the people. For instance, a code on interstate laws is now being pushed and according to lawyers who have examined the bills, it will place Pennsylvania in the forefront of states protecting the heirs of decedents. This summary of laws pertaining to the orphans' court, together with a number of necessary changes, was prepared under the direction of Hon. George Alter, former speaker of the house. It is a most comprehensive set of rules and regulations governing this important subject.

A township code, amendments to the borough laws, which would enable a borough to hire a manager, new third-class city laws and civil service for firemen in third-class cities, are among some of the other acts that will possibly emerge from the deliberations of the present legislature.

Besides this, the departments are to be cared for far better than ever before. A sub-committee of the appropriation committees is now carefully going over the requests from the several departments and it is safe to say that the recommendations of this sub-committee will mean better and more economical service on the part of branches of state government.

Baldwin is Conservative.

One of those chiefly responsible for conservative action by the present legislature is Speaker of the House, Richard J. Baldwin. He promised right from the outset that the 1917 legislature must not be one of hysteria; that it is not right to keep the people in a state of mortal dread lest laws might be passed that would forever jeopardize their well being. Baldwin never forgets that the masses have certain rights which must be respected and he is not slow to impress upon the other legislators his sentiments regarding this phase of legislative work.

Speaker Baldwin is one of the hardest workers who has occupied the speaker's chair. He is in his office at an early hour every morning and usually long after midnight genial and accomodating "Dick" may be found going over some important matter likely to come up the following day.

TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS.

They Are Unarmored and Are Helpless Against Gunfire.

Every one is familiar, of course, with the ordinary torpedo boat, a swift vessel of from 400 to 600 tons in displacement, carrying no defensive armor, but armed with tubes for discharging the deadly torpedoes.

To counteract these wasps of the sea, according to the Popular Science Monthly, a type of vessel was designed of about double the size of torpedo boats, a little greater speed and in addition to torpedo tubes, armed with rapid fire six to twelve pounder guns, for the avowed purpose of destroying torpedo boats. Lately all the great nations have stopped building torpedo boats as originally designated and are building torpedo boat destroyers.

Recent engagements have developed the fact that torpedo boat destroyers are used almost wholly as torpedo boats. So they are really battleship destroyers. To defend the capital ships from torpedo attack the dreadnaughts and battle cruisers are armed with secondary batteries of rapid fire guns from four to six inches in diameter. One well placed shell from a gun of that size will ordinarily put a destroyer out of business, as the destroyers have no defensive armor whatever.

CZAR AND KAISER.

Both Titles Mean the Same and Are Derived From Caesar.

It seems strange that two words so different in sound and spelling as czar and kaiser are the same. Both are but changes made in the course of nearly 2,000 years in the word caesar.

All the Roman emperors took their title from the first emperor—our old friend of schoolboy days—Julius Caesar. When Charlemagne founded the holy Roman empire and was crowned emperor, he took the name caesar or, in the frankish form, kaiser. When the modern German empire was established in 1871 the German emperor, William I., grandfather of the present kaiser, took the same title—kaiser.

Similarly the rulers of the eastern empire at Constantinople, successors to the old Roman empire, called themselves caesar. Every petty chieftain or prince in the territory surrounding the eastern empire copied the custom and called himself caesar or czar. In the course of time, however, the greatest of these, the czar of Muskovy, conquered the other czars until he was the sole or practically the sole ruler called czar. However, the king of Bulgaria, when a few years ago he had himself crowned as king, took the title of czar.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Gordian Knot.

As the old legend goes, the father of the Greek King Midas, once king of Phrygia, was originally a poor peasant. The people of Phrygia being much disturbed, an oracle had informed them that a wagon would bring them a king who would put an end to all their troubles. Not long after this saying, Gordius (Midas' father), suddenly arrived in the midst of an assembly of the people, riding in his wagon. At once, to the great surprise of Gordius, they made him king. In his gratitude Gordius dedicates the wagon to the god Zeus, and it was placed in the acropolis at Gordium. The pole of the wagon was tied to the yoke by a knot of bark, and a second oracle declared that whoever untied that knot should reign over all Asia. It was Alexander who untied the knot by cutting it with his sword, thus assuming himself to be the man referred to by the oracle.

Made For Concealment.

Stick insects, which are so called because of their resemblance to dry sticks, have two forelegs, which they fold over their eyes when disturbed and evidently think that in so doing they are lost to view.

The eggs of these insects take over six months to hatch. They are only one-tenth of an inch in their widest part, yet an insect which at hatching is three-quarters of an inch in length is packed into them.

The stick insects destroy the weaklings soon after they are hatched by eating their legs.—Exchange.

Restless Nature.

Nothing in nature is absolutely permanent. Changes are going on slowly, but steadily, every moment, parts of the earth being elevated above the sea, parts sinking below it, the ocean wearing away the coast in one place and building it out in another, and so on to infinity.

Asphalt.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago in Switzerland natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained.

In Constant Training.

"That ballet dancer is wonderfully expert."

"Well, she never gets out of practice for a minute. She is always kicking."—Kansas City Journal.

One of Those Questions.

"Pop!"

"Well, what is it now?"

"Say, pop, did the dog star ever have the dipper tied to its tail?"—Philadelphia Record.

To Be Sure.

"The planet Saturn has two rings."

"Only two! They must be doing pretty well with municipal reform."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man.—Fletcher.

How Coal Was Named.

The name of coal was first applied only to fuel made of charred wood or what we call charcoal, says an exchange. When the use of mineral coal began it was called sea coal, because it was at first only found along the seashore along with seaweed and other wreckage cast up by the waves and thus supposed to be of marine origin. From its resemblance in color and burning qualities to charcoal, it finally received the simple name of coal.

Humor.

Humor is the true sixth sense. Lacking it, one misseth the joy of living. It lurks under the serious affairs of life as a violet lurketh under the trees of the forest and when so found is more to be prized than that which shouteth itself from the housetops.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Isle of France.

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedic, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 238. The people do not speak French, but Celtic. Fishing is the principal industry and all the inhabitants are provided with food at an inn managed by women.

No Shirker.

"Son, the president of your college writes me that you are not doing much in your studies."

"Don't let that depress you, dad," replied the husky youth. "Just drop a line to our coach and ask him about me."—Exchange.

No Occasion For Alarm.

Briggs—I understand that you have hired our former cook. Griggs—Yes, but don't be alarmed. We intend to discount everything she tells us.

Not Curious.

Doctor—What made that mule kick you? Patient—I may look foolish, but I am not fool enough to go back and ask him.—Toledo Blade.

Coal.

The earliest mention of coal is in the writings of Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher, who lived about 300 B. C.

No harm can befall a good man, whether alive or dead.—Socrates.

FOOLISHNESS OF WORRY.

Forcefully Set Forth In the French Soldier's Philosophy.

"Everything might be worse than it is," is the cheerful conclusion of the French soldier, according to Kathleen Burke in "The White Road to Verdun." Here is the way she sums up the philosophy of the man in the ranks:

Of two things one is certain—either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized.

If you're not mobilized there's no need to worry; if you're on the front of two things one is certain—either you're behind the lines or you're on the front.

If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry; if you're on the front of two things one is certain—either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger.

If you're resting in a safe place there is no need to worry; if you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain—either you're wounded or you're not wounded.

If you're not wounded there is no need to worry; if you are wounded of two things one is certain—either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.

If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry; if you're wounded seriously of two things one is certain—either you recover or you die.

If you recover there is no need to worry; if you die you can't worry.

Not bad philosophy, in the trenches or out.

English Prison Pits.

Prison pits were vaults in which criminals in England were kept at night, chained together. There was one at Bristol which was in use as late as 1815. Down eighteen steps, it was only seventeen feet in diameter by nine feet high, and seventeen men were consigned to it every night. Even more typical was Warwick jail pit, which was occupied at least until 1797. It was an octagonal dungeon twenty-one feet in diameter and almost nineteen feet underground. In the middle was a cesspool, and beside it ran a stream of water which served the prisoners for drinking purposes. To this awful cell forty-two men were consigned every afternoon at 3:45, to remain there until after daylight the following morning.

LIBERTY LOAN

When Should I Make My Subscription?

TODAY

Subscriptions will not be received after June 15th. The safest thing is to subscribe at once. Remember Germany is watching our country and this loan must be largely oversubscribed or be a failure.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

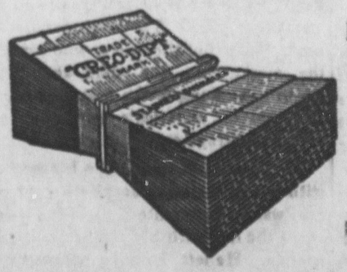
Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

Distributing Agents For



Mauck's Red Seal Brand of Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles.

Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

Call, Write or phone for information

Bell Phone 170-J. Commercial Phone 44-Y

P. B. CRIDER & SON

WORK OF THE CHICKADEE.

This Little Bird Is a Formidable Foe of the Cankerworm.

In May the chickadees build their nests in the cavity of a decayed tree trunk or limb and line them with moss, plant down and feathers. From five to eight white eggs spotted with reddish brown are laid in each soft cradle. The chickadees eat in the summer many insects and their eggs. Farmers dread the cankerworm, which, unchecked, completely destroys apple orchards. At one meal this tiny bird will eat 250 eggs of the cankerworm and will have several meals a day.

During its migration in October the chickadee is more numerous in the New England states than in the summer. Throughout the greater part of its range, from Labrador to Maryland and in the Alleghenies southward to North Carolina, these merry midgets are found at all seasons. But it is with the fall and winter that they are generally associated. No one need feel lonely when these little black and white birds are around. They are so friendly and tame and some of their notes sound so much like words that they seem to be talking. Besides the familiar "chick-a-dee" call they have a high, sweet whistle of two or three notes.

In the autumn the partridge berries are ripe, and upon them these birds have many a feast. And later the berries of the wintergreen, Solomon's seal, dogwood and Indian cucumber may be used as food.—Philadelphia Record.

OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOMS.

In the Days When Brides Were Stolen and Had to Be Ransomed.

A half savage custom prevailed in many early New England towns. A group of those young men who had not been invited to the wedding would invade the house when the marriage ceremony had been performed and drag away the bride to an inn or some other house, when the groom and his party would follow and rescue her by paying a forfeit of a dinner to the bride stealers. In western Massachusetts this custom lingered until Revolutionary times. In Judd's "History of Hadley" the names of stolen brides are given. Mrs. Job Marsh, married in 1783, is said to have been the last bride thus stolen. A very rough variation of this custom is reported to be still in vogue in some localities in Rhode Island. Mme. Sarah Knights in her journal of a horseback ride from Boston to New York in 1704 tells of a ridiculous alteration of this marriage custom, which she saw in Connecticut—to steal the bridegroom.

Many other curious fashions prevailed in different localities. In some towns the young men rode or ran to the bride's house for a bottle of rum. In others the bees were told of the wedding and given bride cake. In still others the unmarried girls scrambled for the bride's garter to see who would be married next.—Alice Morse Earle in Magazine of American History.

High Cost of High Living.

According to James Churchill, one of the famous New York restaurateurs, it costs the men who cater to the great throng of cabaret diners some $709,317,000 a year to keep things going in the proper Gotham style. In itemized form he reckons rent at 40 millions, license tax and stamps 30¾ millions, payroll 175¾ millions, supplies 327 millions.

This neat little sum is merely what it costs the proprietors, be it understood. The amount paid in by regular and occasional habitues of the "lobster palaces" may safely be put at 50 per cent more, or $1,063,975,500. Yes, high living comes high, and it is time to think of having less of it.—Boston Post.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of **INDIGESTION**, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 ravel Policy at $12.00 er year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

If you value your stock use Green's Condition Powder.

Victor Talking Machines, records and supplies. Cohen & Co.

Miss Margaret Cook and brother, James B. Cook, have been recent visitors to Pittsburgh.

Justice of the Peace Cyrus Brungard, of Centre Hall, was a genial visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, of New York, is visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook.

After spending the past week with her sister, Mrs. John W. Kreamer, on east street, Mrs. Emil Sass, Jr., left Saturday for her home in Wilkinsburg.

Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds, left Bellefonie for Philadelphia and New York City, Tuesday afternoon. At the latter place she will visit her brother, A. C. Hoy.

Monday morning the Bellefonte public schools opened at 8 o'clock instead of 9 o'clock in order to make up the time lost in the fall on account of the infantile paralysis epidemic.

Mrs. Earl C. Tuten add two sons, Tyrl and John, of Hyde City, Clearfield Co. arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon and were driven to the home of her sister Mrs. Harold Kirk, south of town.

Mrs. E. C. Merriman and daughter, Miss Isabelle, who had been visitiug her daughter, Mrs. John Blanchard, in Bellefonte, left Saturday afternoon for their home in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Frank Driscoll and little daughter, of Pittsburgh, spent several hours in Bellefonte Monday, while on their way to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, at Snow Shoe.

George Jodon, who is employed in a rubber factory at Akron, Ohio, came to Bellefonte Saturday where he joined his wife who has been visiting here for the last ten days. They will return Saturday.

Mrs. Blair Yarnell and four children, of Snow Shoe, arrived in Bellefonte on Saturday afternoon, to spend several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McClelland, on east Lamb street.

Miss Mildred Irwin, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Irwin, of south Water street, entertained a number of her young friends Saturday evening. The evening was spent very pleasantly and they all enjoyed themselves.

Owen Jones, George W. Palmer, Joseph M. Fricks, John Reber, and Reuben Benard, of Philadelphia, comprise the committee from the P. R. V. C., who sent the handsome floral decoration to be placed at the tomb of Ex-Gov. Curtin.

Fred Landis, who has a position at Burnham, near Lewistown, came home Saturday afternoon being ill for a week or so with something like diphtheria. He was feeling so much better that he went back again on Tuesday to resume work. He is looking a little thin.

Dr. H. W. Tate, the Bellefonte dentist left here Thursday for Buffalo, N. Y., and returned Saturday evening driving a new Oakland-six automobile. It is five passenger and just the thing to take his friends out riding. The car is well put up and no doubt will give good service.

Prof. and Mrs. Arthur C. Harper, of Urbana, Ohio, are rejoicing over the arrival on Sunday of another son. The little fellow is a grandson of Mrs. J. Calvin Harper, and also of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Barnhart, of Bellefonte. Mother and son are getting along nicely. He just came in time for the conscript.

Dr. Joseph Brockerhoff left Bellefonte Monday morning for West Virginia for the purpose of looking up his large coal and lumber interests in that state. At the present price of coal it is the time to make money and he is developing his coal lands just as fast as possible. He take with him a practical engineer.

Hon. J. Will Kepler, of Pine Grove Mills, was greeting his many friends in Bellefonte on Tuesday. He hasn't been getting to Bellefonte very frequently of late from the fact he has been devoting most of his time to making the St. Elmo one of the best hotels in this part of the State. The high cost of living cuts no ice with him as he is serving meals up there fit to set before the gods. If you are up in that vicinity give it a trial and see whether we belong to the Annanias gang.

The approach of the summer season brings thoughts of the vacation. Those contemplating a trip to the seashore, the mountains or a lake resort will be interested in two illustrated folders just issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, "Forty Beaches of New Jersey," and "Mountain and Lake Resorts." The "Forty Beaches of New Jersey" folder gives a detailed description of the resorts along the coast of New Jersey from Cape May to Long Branch and of resorts near the water in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and on Long Island. The "Mountain and Lakes" folder gives a description of resorts in the Pocono and Allegheny Mountains, Mt. Gretna, Chautauqua Lake, the Finger Lakes of New York and Sodus Bay, with a complete list of hotels at each resort. Copies of these folders may be had for the asking of any ticket agent of the railroad or on application to passenger department, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia.

Delicious chocolates 39c lb. at Green's Pharmacy Co.

We know we can save you money on shoes. Try us once. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. W. H. Gephart and little daughter left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Williamsport.

Were an editor to publish all the communications he received he would be in jail most of the time.

Pennsylvania will be required to furnish 41,378 soldiers for the new army of 500,000 to be drafted.

E. W. Musser, of Pleasant Gap, has moved to Pitcairn, near Pittsburgh, where he and his family will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, who had been spending about ten days in Bellefonte as guests of their son, W. C. Cassidy, left for home Saturday afternoon.

Alfred Pond and Misses Milicent Pond and Caroline Buckhout, of State College, accompanied by a party of their friends, also from State College, autoed to Philipsburg and spent the Sabbath at the Hale chalet.

W. J. Kerr and Bruce Jacobs, of Clearfield, passed through Bellefonte Monday afternoon to Boalsburg, where they made application to join the Boal Troop. They are healthy looking fellows and would certainly make good soldiers.

Edward Stover and wife of DuBois, passed through Bellefonte Monday afternoon from Woodward to DuBois where the former has a good position as foreman in the railroad shops at that place. His wife will be remembered as Miss Carrie Glenn, daughter of the late David Glenn, of Bellefonte. While at Woodward, Mr. Stover spent a short vacation along the trout streams in that vicinity and was quite successful.

Dorothy, the 5 years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crissman, of Coleville, is just recovering from an experience somewhat out of the ordinary and one she does not care to repeat. Several weeks ago she was bitten on the leg, near the hip, by a bee or wasp. The wound became very sore and there was danger of blood poisoning. Saturday the leg was lanced, which greatly relieved the child's suffering and since that time she has been making rapid recovery.

Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall, Blair Hall, with their sister, Mrs. W. E. Brown, formerly Miss Lillian Hall, of Harrisburg, arrived in Bellefonte and went direct from the train to the Union cemetery to pay a beautiful tribute once more to their mother, Mrs. John Hall, by laying garlands of flowers on her grave. It is certainly a very commendable custom for them to make the trip each year. They were accompanied by Miss Adaline Flick, of DuBois.

George Thomas, Esq., and his wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday and spent the day with his aunt, Miss Mary Thomas, on Allegheny street. From here they went to Penns Valley to visit Mr. Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Thomas, who reside on a farm. Mr. Thomas has become one of the leading legal lights in America's chief metropolis and thus stands high in his profession. He is another Centre county young man who is gradually climbing the ladder of fame and fortune.

John Gingery, wife and son, George Dewey Gingery, accompanied by Miss Pauline Abbet, of South Brownsville, Fayette county, arrived in Bellefonte Wednesday morning in an automobile. In the car they had a beautiful rosebush in full bloom. Mr. Gingery spent a short time in our sanctum and among friends in Bellefonte and proceeded to Emerick's cemetery, up Bald Eagle, where he placed the flowers on the grave of his first wife. This has been his custom for the past five years in remembrance of a kindly helpmate.

Jonas E. Wagner, the efficient and energetic superintendent of the Bellefonte public schools, was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday morning. Between the schools, which are among the best in Pennsylvania, and his garden, he is a very busy man. He came in from the farm and knows just how to make two stocks of peas grow this year where only one grew last year. In this way he is doing his share toward making the old German Kaiser look like thirty cents. He is also getting things in shape for the commencement exercises which will be interesting and instructive.

Friday afternoon Francis E. Thomas, son of Supt. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas arrived in Bellefonte for a little breathing spell from his studies at the Institution of Technology at Boston, Mass., and left again Sunday afternoon. As an evidence that this institution desires to do its part under the existing conditions of war with Germany the faculty has recommended for degrees those seniors who have entered military or naval service or have gone into industries directly connected with the war. In this group is Francis Thomas who has been recommended for the degree of B. S (Bachelor of Science) and this will be conferred upon him at the coming graduation class in June. He has already taken the Coast Artillery examination but as yet has received no orders. He is at present taking a special course in military engineering and in his studies is considered among the best in this wide-famed institution.

Eastman's Kodaks and films at Green's Pharmacy Co.

Have you subscribed to the Liberty Loan. If you haven't get busy.

William H. Walker, the fish and oyster dealer, is driving a new Ford runabout.

Our price on men's straw hats is the cause of us selling so many. Cohen & Co.

Harris Cook spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of his father, Charles F. Cook.

W. Harrison Walker left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Buffalo on legal business.

William Derstine left Monday morning for Altoona where he is employed as a carpenter.

Saturday Mrs Archibald Allison returned from Jersey Shore where she had been visiting friends.

Misses Marie Doll and Helen Shaughnessy, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with friends in Williamsport.

Miss Marion Smith, of Milesburg, has been employed as stenographer for the Thompson Brothers, at Milroy.

Mrs. F. W. Crider departed today to visit several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Charles K. Rath, at Elizabeth, N. J.

Edgar Burnside on Wednesday caught a trout measuring 24 inches in the stream at the Titan Metal Co. plant, below town.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kilpatrick, of New York City, arrived in Bellefonte today and became guests of their son, Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick, on Curtin street. They expect to remain for some time.

Milon Walker, local scribe of the Centre Democrat, went down the stream Saturday afternoon to catch trout but instead caught cold, which kept him housed up for a day or so. The great trouble was he didn't have the right kind of bait.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brenton, of Philadelphia, who had been guests at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard, left Bellefonte Tuesday for their home. Mrs. Brenton is a sister of Mrs. Blanchard and while here had a most enjoyable time.

Earl C. Musser and wife, of Bellefonte, attended the Memorial services at Pine Grove Mills on Wednesday. The orator of the day was John Laird Holmes, of State College. He is a very fluent speaker and those who heard him were highly delighted.

Miss Ruth Altenderffer, daughter of M. L. Altenderffer, has returned to Bellefonte from Philadelphia where she had been spending the winter attending a musical conservatory. While there she made an enviable record and took part in many of the interesting musical features of the school.

Everything is now ready for the paving of the state road from Bellefonte to Pleasant Gap. Almost in a twinkling of an eye the specifications could be placed in the hands of the printer to advertise for bids. All that is necessary is the appropriation which no doubt will come in the near future.

Autoists in Bellefonte are making a speedway of High and Allegheny streets, disregarding the speed limit ordinance. To be plain, among the violators are some of the very fellows who stand on the sidewalks and complain and profess to be greatly incensed at the reckless driving. Cut it out before some one is seriously injured.

George Rowan and his daughter, Miss Amie, of Hollidaysburg, were in Bellefonte Wednesday, coming here to decorate the grave of Mrs. Rowan in the Quaker graveyard. Mr. Rowan resided in Bellefonte during the good, old times when the nail works were in operation and everything here was on the boom. At that time Mr. Rowan and his family had a large number of friends here.

Some time ago Clement Sager, of Bellefonte, was arrested for the non-support of his family. An agreement was made whereby he was to pay a certain sum toward their support. Instead of sticking to the agreement he left and went to away to work, and again forgot his family. On Tuesday a bench warrant was placed in the hands of officer Harry Dukeman and he and constable Howard Smead went out on the mountain and brought him to Bellefonte and placed him in jail.

Capt. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, was in Bellefonte Friday looking after some matters connected with Decoration services at that place of which he is always a very prominent factor. While here he purchased a number of flags and was very much surprised to find that the flags that cost $4,00 last year had advanced to $12.00 The local merchant is not to blame but the fellow who cornered the market on the stars and stripes ought to be hung to the first lamp post. It's a blot on America's fair name that such an outrage exists.

Dr. Thomas Morgan, who is associated with one of the large hospitals at Scranton, was in Bellefonte over Sunday and spent the day with his mother and other friends. He left Monday afternoon for home with the determination of resigning his position for the purpose of joining the medical corps which will go to France in the near future. Dr. Morgan is a graduate of the Bellefonte High School and is now rated among the most promising physicians of the present day. He was married to Miss Mildred Kirk, niece of Dr. M. A. Kirk, of Bellefonte, who is also a graduate of the local High School.

Farmers' Institute a Success.

Hon. John A. Woodward, of Howard, represented this section of the country at State Farmers' Institute held at DuBois, recently. Reports from county institute chairman made at last Thursday's session showed that 1,029 meetings with an attendance of 172,000, an increase of 22,000 over any previous year, were held in Pennsylvania during the past year. The institute closed late Thursday.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

Aaron E. Zerby, Eva P. Kreamer,	Spring Mills "
Arthur Barraclough, Alice I. O'Brien,	Snow Shoe "
William Davis, Ruth A. Woomer,	Philipsburg "

COHEN & CO.

Ready Pay Non Delivery Grocery Dept.

49 pounds of Flour	$3 70
25 pound sack of granulated Sugar	2.44
Boscul coffee, steel cut	29c
Blue Bell tall can Salmon	17c
Boone County red Beans, 2 cans	25c
Lima Beans 2 cans	25c
Shredded Wheat 2 packages	25c
Post Toasties	9c
P & G white naphtha soap	5c
Fels naptha soap	5c
Ivory soap	5c
Star soap	5c
3 packages of Corn Starch	25c
3 cans of Banner Lye	25c
6 Boxes of Argo Starch	25c
50c can Instant Postum	44c
30c " " "	26c
4 boxes of Hershey's 10c Cocoa	30c
12c loaf of bread, fresh from Williamsport every day	9c
2 large cans Honor Brand milk	25c
Dutch Cleanser	9c

And a great many other articles at lower prices than at any other store in Centre County.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:—

James Brady, Harry Deim, Mrs. Peter Henry, Miss G. Larue, Edwin Miller, Dondered Musser, Mrs. Charles Robb, Jno M. Stiver, Albert Scheddy. When called for please say advertised.

New Art Pictures of WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

W. H. Keen Company

1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Victor and Columbia Machines Cleaned and Repaired.

Every Machine should be cleaned and reoiled at least twice a year, to have perfect results, and preserve the life of the machine. Work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

FRED BRYAN

Com. Phone. Bellefonte, Pa.

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley

(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

BE AS CAREFUL

in selecting your ingredients as in following your recipe and half your cooking success is assured. We are prepared with quality brands of groceries to assist you to best results. Pure foodstuffs are always economical. Our fair prices make them doubly so.

Weaver Bros., Grocers

Successors to C. C. Shuey

Watch our windows for specials

"And they brought him home"

These grey hairs came when they brought Will home, after the fire.

Afterward, it was all I could do to pull myself together and think of some way to keep the children and not break up the home. Will was a good husband and it was not his fault we couldn't save much money.

He was more than good—he was thoughtful, too. I found, then, that he'd taken out the ÆTNA TEN DOLLAR COMBINATION POLICY and that I was to have over $3000 for it. Just think!—it cost him only $10 a year to

ÆTNA-IZE

—so little he never talked about it—and it brought this windfall to me!

You never can tell when an accident may come. I'm sure if you told your Jack about it, Mrs. Rogers, he wouldn't rest until he'd gone straight to the agent—

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.
Snow Shoe, Pa.

True Economy versus CHEAPNESS

We would advise you to pay $18 for your this summer's suit. Owing to the high cost of woolens and labor it would be false economy not to add a few more dollars and get a suit of good appearance and serviceable material.

Straw Hat Time is Here.

All the newest and up-to-the-minute style in Milans, Splits, Sennits, Leghorns and genuine Panamas are now on display in our store.

To See Them is to Buy Them.

Montgomery & Co.

BELLEFONTE - - STATE COLLEGE